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POEMS.

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ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

POEMS.

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ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

MVSEVM BRITANN MCMV

delere licebit
Quod non edideris, neſcit vox miſſa reverti.

HOR.

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Mr. Wilbraham.
Mr. James Wickliffe, Petworth, Suſſex.
George Wogan, D. D.
Mrs. Williams.
Honourable George Warren.
John Richmond Webb, Eſq.
Honourable Robert Walpole.
Thomas Whately, Eſq.
—— Williamſon, Eſq.

Sir

Sir Edward Walpole.
Colonel Wyndham.
Colonel George Wade.
Col. Wynyard.
John Wilkes, Eſq.
Mr. Wilſon, Painter.
Mr. Wegg.
Alexander Wedderburn, Eſq.
Stephen Wright, Eſq.
Mr. Witchal.
Daniel Wrey, Eſq.
Miſs Ward.
William Whitehead, Eſq; Poet Laureat.
Ed. Wynne, Eſq.
Elbro. Woodcock, Eſq.
Rev. Mr. Wroughton.
Paul Whitehead, Eſq.

Y.

Archbiſhop of York.
Mr. Young.
Honourable Mr. York.
Mr. Yates.
Dr. Yarborough, Principal of Brazen Noſe College, Oxford.

THE

POEMS.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY works are advertis'd for ſale,
And cenſures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor ſcheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of converſation.

What will the *World* ſay?—That's your cry.
Who is this *World?* and what am I?

Once, but thank heaven, thoſe days are o'er,
And perſecution reigns no more,

One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Uſurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taſte or wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who paſs'd the ſentence then? — the Town.
So now each upſtart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himſelf*.

Yet in the circle there are thoſe
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whoſe friendſhip ſerves the talking turn,
Juſt ſimmers to a kind concern,
And with a wond'rous ſoft expreſſion
Expatiates upon indiſcretion;
Flies from the Poems to the Man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down other's reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.

The Scholar grave, of taſte diſcerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,

And

And has no better claim to wit
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindneſs, friendly fear,
Whiſpers conjectures in your ear.
" I'm ſorry — and he's much to blame, —
" He might have publiſh'd — but his name!
" The thing might pleaſe a few, no doubt,
" As handed privately about —
" It might amuſe a friend or two,
" Some partial friend, like me or you;
" But when it comes to preſs and print
" You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
" He ſtands upon a dangerous brink
" Who totters o'er the ſea of ink,
" Where reputation runs aground,
" The author caſt away, and drown'd,

" And then — 'twas wilful and abſurd,
" (So well approv'd, ſo well preferr'd,)
" Abruptly thus a place to quit,
" A place which moſt his genius hit,
" The theatre for Latin wit!

" With critics round him chaſte and terſe,
" To give a plaudit to his verſe!"

Latin, I grant, ſhews college breeding,
And ſome ſchool-common-place of reading.
But has in *Moderns* ſmall pretenſion
To real wit or ſtrong invention.
The excellence you critics praiſe
Hangs on a curious choice of phraſe;
Which pick'd and choſen here and there,
From proſe or verſe, no matter where,
Jumbled together in a diſh,
Like Spaniſh olio, fowl, fleſh, fiſh,
You ſet the claſſic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your wou'd-be Genii vainly ſeek
Fame from their Latin verſe, or Greek;
Who would for that be moſt admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words, — a bare collection
Of phraſes, — where the labour'd cento
Preſents you with a dull memento, How

How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
Theſe only ſtrain their motley wits
In gathering patches, ſhreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a claſſic Harlequin.

—Were I at once impower'd to ſhew
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no pennance bigger
Than uſing him as learning's tool,
To make him Uſher of a ſchool.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren ſoil,
And lab'ring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whoſoe'er, tho' ſlightly, ſips
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a ſmatch behind,
Shall ſink ſo deeply in the mind, It

It never thence can be eras'd —
But, riſing up, you call it *Taſte*.

'Twere fooliſh for a drudge to chuſe
A guſto, which he cannot uſe.
Better diſcard the idle whim,
What's *He* to *Taſte?* or *Taſte* to *Him?*
For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax, and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links, and joints, and rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
— Oh! 'tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar.

Yet ſuch *his* taſk, a diſmal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,

And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

" Yet ſtill he's in the road, you ſay,
" Of learning." — Why, perhaps, he may.
But turns like horſes in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor ſtanding ſtill:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

" Yet you can ſend advent'rous youth,
" In ſearch of letters, taſte, and truth,
" Who ride the highway road to knowlege
" Through the plain turnpikes of a college."
True. — Like way-poſts, we ſerve to ſhew
The road which travellers ſhou'd go;
Who jog along in eaſy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *Poſt*, and its direction ſtill:

Which

Which ſtands an uſeful unthank'd guide,
To many a paſſenger beſide.

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's ſelf to eat.
Tho', be it always underſtood,
Our appetites are full as good.

" But there have been, and proofs appear,
" Who bore this load from year to year;
" Whoſe claim to letters, parts, and wit,
" The world has ne'er diſputed yet.
" Whether the flowing mirth prevail
" In *Weſley*'s ſong or humorous tale;
" Or happier *Bourne*'s expreſſion pleaſe
" With graceful turns of claſſic eaſe;
" Or *Oxford*'s well-read poet ſings
" Pathetic to the ear of kings:
" Theſe have indulg'd the muſe's flight,
" Nor loſt their time or credit by't;
" Nor ſuffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
" On the due buſineſs of the day.

" Verſe

" Verſe was to them a recreation
" Us'd but by way of relaxation."

Your inſtances are fair and true,
And genius I reſpect with you.
I envy none their honeſt praiſe;
I ſeek to blaſt no ſcholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage ſpread
Its greeneſt honours round their head,
Bleſt, if the Muſes' hand entwine
A ſprig at leaſt to circle mine!

Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of ſight,
And you may whiſper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiſcreet.
Yet tell me, while you cenſure me,
Are you from error ſound and free?
Say, does your breaſt no bias hide,
Whoſe influence draws the mind aſide?

All have their hobby-horſe, you ſee,
From Triſtram down to you and me.

Ambition, ſplendour, may be thine;
Eaſe, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wiſh our weakneſſes to hide,
And ſet their hedges up before 'em,
Some ſprouts will branch, and ſtraggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight againſt her how you will,
Nature will be the miſtreſs ſtill,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs ſhall raiſe his hoof;
And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit and taſte and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle, and *ſeem* wiſe.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Tranſlated from the Greek.

GOD of the Bow! Apollo, thee I ſing;
Thee, as thou draw'ſt amain the ſounding ſtring,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Cloſes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' æthereal dome ſuſpends,
Then ſmiling leads thee, her all-glorious ſon,
To ſhare the mighty Thunderer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad ſire prepares,
And thee, his faireſt, nobleſt ſon declares;
While ev'ry god ſits rapt, Latona's breaſt
Beats with ſuperior joy, and hails her ſon confeſt.

Thrice bleſt Latona! from thee, Goddeſs, ſprung
Diana chaſte, and Phœbus ever-young:
*Her in Ortygia's iſle, and Him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' ſea-girt ſhore,
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.

O Phœbus, where ſhall I begin thy praiſe?
Well can'ſt thou rule the poet's artleſs lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hore,
By river-ſide, or on the ſea's hoarſe ſhore,
Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with muſic's magic ſound,
And airs divine, thou charm'ſt the region round.
Say, ſhall I ſing how firſt on Delos' ſhore
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore †?
How firſt, from other iſles, beſet with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother ſought relief.
Each to her out-caſt woe denied abode,
Nor durſt one iſle receive the future god.

At

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different Iſlands in the original.

† Here ſeveral verſes, containing nothing but a mere liſt of the names of iſlands, are omitted.

At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And ſuppliant thus beſought her needful care.

Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raiſe
A glorious temple to record his praiſe!
Then ſhall He govern thee with gentle ſway,
And only Phœbus ſhall thine iſle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thouſand natures ſhall be thine,
Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king *,
Oblations rich ſhall ev'ry nation bring;
For ever from thy altars ſhall ariſe
The fragrant incenſe of burnt-ſacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren ſoil,
Receive the God, and live by other's toil!

She ſpake: with inward rapture Delos ſmil'd,
And ſooth'd the ſuppliant pow'r with anſwer mild.

Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly wou'd Delos eaſe thy care,

Full

* *Bowyer-king* and *Bowyer-god* are expreſſions frequently uſed by Dryden, in his verſion of the firſt Iliad, to ſignify Apollo.

'Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witneſs the glories of Apollo's birth:
The mighty God wou'd raiſe my lowly name,
And conſecrate his native iſle to fame.
One fear alone diſtracts my beating heart;
That fear, O Goddeſs, liſt while I impart.
Second to none amid th' æthereal ſkies,
Apollo ſoon all terrible ſhall riſe:
All nations ſhall adore the mighty God,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah! dire fears my ſoul infeſt,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breaſt)
Soon as the glorious Godhead ſhall be born,
My deſert region will he view with ſcorn,
Indignant ſpurn me, curſe my barren ſoil,
And plunge into the waves my hated iſle.
Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his ſhrine, plant there his ſacred grove.
Whelm'd in the briny main ſhall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a ſolemn ſacred oath to ſwear,

That

That here the God his glorious ſeat ſhall hold,
And here his ſapient oracles unfold,
Your ſacred burthen here, Latona, lay,
Here view the Godhead burſting into day.

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But ſoon with ſolemn vows thus ratified:
Witneſs O heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no God may break!
In Delos ſhall Apollo's ſhrine be rear'd,
Delos, his beſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd.

Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Bleſt in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapleſs days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguiſh of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in ſorrowing mood,
Around her many a ſiſter-goddeſs ſtood.
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno ſat,
And view'd relentleſs her unhappy fate.
Lucina too, the kind aſſuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,

And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the Goddeſs ſhrouds.
Her large full ~~eyes~~ with indignation roll,
And livid envy ſeiz'd her haughty ſoul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to ſpring
So great a ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris ſent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
But charg'd her heed, leſt Juno ſhou'd prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent.
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart ſhe call'd the maid,
Then ſought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her ſoul: when ſoon with dove-like pace
Swiftly they meaſur'd back the viewleſs airy ſpace.

Soon as to Delos' iſle Lucina came
The pangs of travail ſeiz'd Latona's frame.

Her

Her twining arms ſhe threw the palm around,
And preſt with deep-indented knee the ground:
Then into day ſprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth ſmil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.

The Siſter Pow'rs that round Latona ſtood
With chaſte ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden ſwathe around.
He hung not helpleſs at his mother's breaſt,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feaſt.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The luſty babe, ſtrong with ambroſial food,
In vain their bonds or golden ſwathes withſtood,
Bonds, ſwathes, and ligaments with eaſe he broke,
And thus the wondring Deities beſpoke;
" The lyre, and ſounding bow, and to declare
" The Thund'rer's counſels, be Apollo's care!"

He ſpake; and onwards all majeſtic ſtrode;
The Queens of Heaven awe-ſtruck view'd the God.

Delos beheld him with a tender ſmile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy iſle;
Her happy iſle, Apollo's native ſeat,
His ſacred haunt, his beſt-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious ſhines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with ſtately pines.

Now ſtony Cynthus wou'd the God aſcend,
And now his courſe to various iſlands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and ſhady grove,
River, and mountain, did Apollo love;
But chiefly Delos: The Ionians there,
With their chaſte wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a ſolemn rite and ſacred game;
The jolly dance, and holy hymn prepare,
And with the Cæſtus urge the manly war.
If, when their ſacred feaſt th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant ſports a ſtranger ſhou'd behold,
View the ſtrong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the ſofter charms of female grace,

Then

Then mark their riches of a thouſand kinds,
And their tall ſhips born ſwift before the winds,
So goodly to the ſight wou'd all appear,
The fair aſſembly Gods he wou'd declare.
There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre;
To Phœbus firſt they conſecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaſte Diana praiſe,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaſte rehearſe,
And ſooth the raptur'd heart with ſacred verſe.
Each voice, the Delian maids, each human ſound
With apteſt imitation ſweet reſound:
Their tongues ſo juſtly tune with accents new,
That none the falſe diſtinguiſh from the true.

Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
Bleſt Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefeſt care,
All hail! and O with praiſe your poet crown,
Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
If haply ſome poor pilgrim ſhall enquire,
" O, virgins, who moſt ſkilful ſmites the lyre?

" Whoſe lofty verſe in ſweeteſt deſcant rolls,
" And charms to extaſy the hearers ſouls?"
O anſwer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
In all the arts of verſe who far excells.
Then o'er the earth ſhall ſpread my glorious fame,
And diſtant Nations ſhall record my name.
But Phœbus never will I ceaſe to ſing,
Latona's noble ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.

Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
The bleſt Miletus' habitants adore;
But thy lov'd haunt is ſea-girt Delos' ſhore.

Now Pytho's ſtony ſoil Apollo treads,
And all around ambroſial fragrance ſheds,
Then ſtrikes with matchleſs art the golden ſtrings,
And ev'ry hill with heavenly muſick rings.

Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he ſeeks, and mixes with the Gods.
Each heavenly boſom pants with fond deſire
To hear the lofty verſe and golden lyre.

Drawn

Drawn by the magic ſound, the Virgin-Nine
With warblings ſweet the ſacred minſtrel join:
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full ſweetly carol bounteous heaven's praiſe;
And now in dirges ſad, and numbers ſlow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals caſt,
Who vainly ſhun affliction's wintry blaſt,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay
Death's certain ſhaft to ward, or chaſe old age away.

The Graces there, and ſmiling Hours are ſeen,
And Cytherea, laughter-loving queen,
And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
To ſprightlieſt meaſures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, ſhines the Huntreſs-Queen,
Warbles reſponſive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
There Mars and Mercury with awkward play,
And uncouth gambols, waſte the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thouſand glories play around his face;
In ſplendor dreſt he joins the feſtive band,
And ſweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright Godhead with parental love;
And, as the Deities around him play,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port ſurvey*.

* The tranſlator, when he begun this piece, had ſome thoughts of giving a complete Engliſh verſion of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet tranſlated; but (to ſay nothing of his opinion of this ſpecimen of his tranſlation) fearing that this ſpecies of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far leſs agreeable to the mere Engliſh reader, he deſiſted. They, who would form the juſteſt idea of this ſort of compoſition among the ancients, may be better informed, by peruſing Dr. Akenſide's moſt claſſical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any tranſlation of Homer or Callimachus.

TO * * * *

About to publiſh a volume of Miſcellanies.

Written in the year 1755.

SINCE now, all ſcruples caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day,
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.

Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;
Nor let your proſe, which ſure is worſe,
Want nought but meaſure to be verſe.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muſe by Imitation:
For copies ſhew, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt.
—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road.

The mimic bard with pleaſure ſees
Mat. Prior's unaffected eaſe:

Aſſumes

Aſſumes his ſtyle, affects a ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Obſerves how *eaſy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.

Others have ſought the filthy ſtews
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes;
With many a daſh — that muſt offend us,
And much * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *Hiatus* non *deflendus*.
O Swift! how wouldſt thou bluſh to ſee,
Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This Milton for his plan will chuſe:
Wherein reſembling Milton's Muſe?

This

Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majeſty of ſong;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep:
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the muſtard bowl.
The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The epithet's prepoſterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly you trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.

How few, (ſay, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore ſo? — The reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuſe
To wooe the gentle Spenſer's Muſe.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of flimſy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong Muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of peerleſs wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, ſpells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spenſer's veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word, againſt the times —
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.

In

In theſe the ſpleen of Pope we find ;
But where the greatneſs of his mind ?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eye ſhe views ;
Round whom Apollo's brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze ;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In Imitation's dangerous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O * Brown, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays ;
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Iſaac Hawkins Brown, Eſq. author of a piece call'd the Pipe of Tobacco, a moſt excellent imitation of ſix different authors.

EPISTLE to J. B. Eſq. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obſtruct perfection,
And the ſeverity of Taſte
Has laid the walk of genius waſte.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep inſtead of ſoaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But ſtill you cry in ſober ſadneſs,
" There is diſcretion e'en in madneſs."
A pithy ſentence, which wants credit!
Becauſe I find a poet ſaid it:
Their verdict makes but ſmall impreſſion,
Who are known liars by profeſſion.
Riſe what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius ſtill;

And ſay, that horſe wou'd you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a ſpur?
The mettled ſteed may loſe his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakeſpeare crept by modern rules,
We'd loſt his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Inſtead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In niceſt ſymmetry diſpos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a foreſt he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years,
Where many a tree aſpiring ſhrouds
Its airy ſummit in the clouds,
While round its root ſtill love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

" But Shakeſpeare's all-creative fancy
" Made others love extravagancy,

" While

" While cloud-capt nonſenſe was their aim,
" Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True — who can ſtop dull imitators?
Thoſe younger brothers of tranſlators,
Thoſe inſects, which from genius riſe,
And buzz about, in ſwarms, like flies?
Faſhion, that ſets the modes of dreſs,
Sheds too her influence o'er the preſs:
As formerly the ſons of rhyme
Sought Shakeſpeare's fancy and ſublime,
By cool correctneſs now they hope
To emulate the praiſe of Pope.
But Pope and Shakeſpeare both diſclaim
Theſe low retainers to their fame.

What taſk can dulneſs e'er affect
So eaſy, as to write *correct?*
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs their mark and follow neither;

They

They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale
That neither meaſure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taſte,
And every ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel veſt.
Say did you never chance to meet
A monſieur-barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tan'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dreſden laces,
While for the body Monſieur Puff,
Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And ſhall theſe wretches bards commence
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe?
And when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?
Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionyſius' learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhews how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgment, in Quintilian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.

Theſe butchers of a poet's fame
While they uſurp the critic's name,
Cry — " This is taſte — that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.

So have you ſeen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the priſoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, " You'll ſuffer for your daring,
" And d—n you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing."
Then turning tell th' aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

The HARE and TORTOISE, 1757.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, bleſt term, of meaning wide,
For ſure no term ſo miſapply'd,
How many bear thy ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd inclination.

But yet ſuppoſe a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts?
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?

Suppoſe

Suppoſe your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value ſake;
Its ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?

Some genial ſpark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your boſom plays:
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeems to riſe:
Nay Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.

In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as ſung,
When uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,

A forward Hare, of ſwiftneſs vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud:
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
He'd boaſt, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horſe he'd *beat them hollow*,
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puſs, it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my ſhell upon the trial.

'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.

The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtript the wind,
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,

And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoiſe, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your ſpeed, it were as well
That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell:
Jog on a little faſter pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So ſaid, ſo done, and ſafely ſure,
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoiſe heard his taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*,
Still drawl'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal ſecurely crept,
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoiſe ſpake.
Puſs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by ſtarts.
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *ſlow and ſteady* wins the race.

The SATYR and PEDLAR, 1757.

WORDS are, ſo Wollaſton defines,
Of our ideas merely ſigns,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for inſtance—all agree,
Damn'd's the *ſuperlative degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own,
But ſignifies or bad or good
Juſt as its neighbour's underſtood.
Examples we may find enough,
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;

Perhaps

Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.

And here a fable I remember —
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in ſnow is loſt,
And ev'ry river bound with froſt,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When — pox on the deſcriptive rhyme —
In ſhort it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze,
With pearly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
" Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
" That blowing on thy fingers ends?
" It is to warm them thus I blow,
" For they are froze as cold as ſnow.

" And

" And ſo inclement has it been
" I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll chear thy inſide, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and meſs of pottage.

This ſaid, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of ſav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As ſmoaking on the board it ſtood.
But, though the very ſteam aroſe
With grateful odour to his noſe,
One ſingle ſip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was ſo wond'rous hot.
What can be done? — with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till its cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down:

For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, ſir, as hot as hell.

Then raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The Satyr ſmote him on the rump.
" Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
" With the ſame breath to warm and cool:
" Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold
" Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold.

The CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.

What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?
Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such eaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face —
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe, and country air.
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*:
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer —
One would not be out-done, my dear!

Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife,
Confeſs'd

Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're ſet down at the very door.

Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well,

Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo *countrified!*
'Twould come to but a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe.
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd;
One hardly any object ſees —
I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls —
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;

While

While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Bleſt age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-ſcai-quoi, Virtù:
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern *taſteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts, and deſigners,

Produce

Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A temple, Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns.
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly *ha-ha*,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance,
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy Graces:

Apollo

Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leąden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a Taſte;
And Madam's female friends, and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the Seat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

From CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me ſaucy, pert, and rude,
And ſometimes almoſt ſtrikes me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very ſure ſhe likes me.

Aſk you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puſs,
And thought myſelf above her;
And yet I feel it, to my coſt,
That when I rail againſt her moſt,
I'm very ſure I love her.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE:

An EPISTLE to Mr. GARRICK.

THANKS to much induſtry and pains,
Much twiſting of the wit and brains,
Tranſlation has unlock'd the ſtore,
And ſpread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his ſcenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more ſhall Taſte preſume to ſpeak
From its encloſures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
" 'Tis blaſphemy againſt that ſtage,
" Which Æſchylus his warmth deſign'd,
" Euripides his taſte refin'd,

" And Sophocles his laſt direction,
" Stamp'd with the ſignet of perfection."

Perfection! 'tis but a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the firſt eſſays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
Muſt they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buſkins or in ſocks.
Muſt they be damn'd as Heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the claſſic pale?
'Tis ſtuff that bears the name of knowlege,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Beſure I ſpeak of times of yore)
Than juſt a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark.

As ruſhlights, in a ſpacious room,
Juſt burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakeſpeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chace.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakeſpeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In ſpite of diſtance, ſeas, or weather;
And ſhut up in a ſingle action,
What coſt whole years in its tranſaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the univerſe about,
Whoſe geographical account
Is drawn and pictur'd on the mount.
Yet, when they pleaſe, contract the plan,
And ſhut the world up in a fan.

True

True Genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raiſe the ſpring from barren land.
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt creation;
Tranſplanting flowers, with uſeleſs toil,
Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
As conſcience often ſets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
To combat in the moral cauſe;
So Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic rules of learning,
Can, from its preſent intuition,
Strike at the truth of compoſition.

Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic vein,
Enliſted in the mimic train,
Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,

(Which

(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any uſe but to the lame)
Purſue the method ſet before 'em ;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulneſs claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common ſenſe)
Extol the wit of antient days,
The ſimple fabric of their plays ;
Then from the fable, all ſo chaſte,
Trick'd up in antient-modern taſte,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive ſtile,
While Chorus marks the ſervile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Preſent you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come,

Come, pr'ythee Critic, ſet before us,
The uſe and office of a chorus.
What! ſilent! why then, I'll produce
Its ſervices from antient uſe.

'Tis to be ever on the ſtage,
Attendants upon grief or rage,
To be an arrant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each diſmal ſcene;
Shewing its ſorrow, or delight,
By ſhifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep diſtreſs,
And plaints of royal wretchedneſs;
And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for ſupplies,
And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a ſymphony of woes.

Doubtleſs

Doutleſs the Antients want the art
To ſtrike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In ſimple — call it — humble ſtile,
In unimpaſſion'd phraſe to ſay
" 'Fore the beginning of this play,
" I, hapleſs Polydore, was found
" By fiſhermen, or others, drown'd!"
Or, " I, a gentleman, did wed,
" The lady I wou'd never bed,
" Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
" Who's coming hither to draw water."

Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, leſt attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?

He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakeſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone —
— But why repeat what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

EPIS-

EPISTLE to J— B— Eſq. 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentler name of wild.
If cheſts he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks.
The mother's fondneſs ſtamps it merit,
For vices are a ſign of ſpirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the ſame,
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries goſſip Prate, " I hear with grief
" My neighbour's ſon's an arrant thief.
" Nay, cou'd you think it, I am told,
" He ſtole five guineas, all in gold.
" You know the youth was always wild —
" He got his father's maid with child;
" And robb'd his maſter, to defray
" The money he had loſt at play.
" All means to ſave him now muſt fail.
" What can it end in? — In a jail."

Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My goſſip ſays the very truth.

But as his vices love wou'd hide,
Or torture them to virtue's ſide,
So friendſhip's glaſs deceives the eye,
(A glaſs too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at leaſt you ſee
Some ſpark of genius, ev'n in me:
You ſay I ſhou'd get fame. I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praiſe?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the Laurel, rareſt wonder!
May ſcreen us from the ſtroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poet's live on ſlender fare,
Who, like Chameleons, feed on air,
And ſtarve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only ſerves them after death.

Grant

Grant I ſucceed, like Horace riſe,
And ſtrike my head againſt the ſkies,
Common experience daily ſhews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we ſhall find in every town
Goſſips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious converſation
T'anatomize a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle cenſures I deſpiſe:
Their niggard praiſes won't ſuffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhime.
My Muſe has anſwer'd all her end,
If her productions pleaſe a friend.
The world is burthen'd with her ſtore,
Why need I add one ſcribbler more?

O D E

Spoken on a public Occaſion at Weſtminſter-ſchool.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted ſhrine,
Nor to the fabled Siſters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow.
Far be their rites! — Such worſhip fits not now;
When at Eliza's ſacred name
Each breaſt receives the preſent flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulſe ſtrikes th' accordant ſtrings,
Reflecting on the crouded line
Of mitred ſages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cauſe,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'ſt to ſtray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when ſimple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!

'Tis

'Tis then the ſouls congenial meet,
Inſpir'd with friendſhips genuine heat,
E'er intereſt, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early ſtrain
Dryden firſt try'd his claſſic vein,
Spurr'd his ſtrong genius to the diſtant goal,
In wild effuſſions of his manly ſoul;
When Buſby's ſkill, and judgment ſage,
Repreſs'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the ſtrength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muſe forgot! which ſtrays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and ſtudied art:
Tho' affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and ſublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet*'s trifles ne'er diſgrac'd the *Man*.

Well

Well might thy morals ſweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain ſimplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy ſtrife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which ſnare the gay unſtable youth,
Cou'd lure Thee from the ſober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirements' arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of ſtate,
Coud'ſt ſmile with pity on the buſtling Great.

Such were Eliza's ſons. Her foſt'ring care
Here bad free genius tune his grateful ſong;
Which elſe had waſted in the deſart air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate ſhame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inſpir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame!

The ACTOR.

ADDRESS'D TO

BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no obſervance of mechanic laws:
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If, 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleas'd more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius muſt our wonder raiſe,
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.

Thrice happy Genius, whoſe unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic ſkill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;
To bid the burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
In the ſweet ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chilneſs creep,
When horrors ſuch as thine *have murder'd ſleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic ſtare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I ſee him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The Comic Muſe too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
Taſte, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Eaſe,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
That what we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burſt outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe.

Perfection's

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The Play'r's profeſſion (tho' I hate the phraſe,
'Tis ſo *mechanic* in theſe modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
Nature's true knowlege is his only art.
The ſtrong-felt paſſion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
Here lies the golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or diſtreſt,
No actor pleaſes that is not *poſſeſs'd*.

Once on the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
When Chriſtians were the ſubject of their plays,
E'er perſecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and Geneſt his name.
A noble object for his ſkill he choſe,
A martyr dying 'midſt inſulting foes.

Reſign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe.
Fill'd with th' idea of the ſecret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
A kindred ardour in the player's breaſt;
Till as the flame thro' all his boſom ran,
He loſt the Actor, and commenc'd the Man:
Profeſt the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want theſe pow'rs, *Deportment*, *Voice*, and *Eye*.

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not *Eaſe*.
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-ſhow.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place.

Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!
Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,

The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell:
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions e'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.

Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt:
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene.
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;

The

The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the ſtage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.

But let the generous Actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,

Fir'd

Fir'd with diſguſt I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe, good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!

'Tis not enough the Voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphaſis on *all*.

Some

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry ſtop, mark ev'ry pauſe ſo ſtrong,
Their words, like ſtage-proceſſions, ſtalk along.
All affectation but creates diſguſt,
And e'en in ſpeaking we may ſeem *too* juſt.

Nor proper, Thornton, can thoſe ſounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear:
In vain for them the pleaſing meaſure flows,
Whoſe recitation runs it all to proſe;
Repeating what the poet ſets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pauſe, and break, and repetition join
To make a diſcord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted ſcene
With lifeleſs drone, inſipid and ſerene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almoſt crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature ſt and finer ſtrokes are ſhown,
In the low whiſper than tempeſtuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who ſwol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the ſtage.

He, who in earneſt ſtudies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A ſingle look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick ſenſation flies,
And darts its meaning from the ſpeaking Eyes;
Love, tranſport, madneſs, anger, ſcorn, deſpair,
And all the paſſions, all the ſoul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her ſtraws fantaſtic ſtrews the ground,
In vain now ſings, now heaves the deſp'rate ſigh,
If phrenzy ſit not in the troubled eye.

In Cibber's look commanding ſorrows ſpeak,
And call the tear faſt trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which ſtirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the ſtage.
I have ſeen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whoſe tongues wound up ſet forward from their cue;
In their own ſpeech who whine, or roar away,
Yet ſeem unmov'd at what the reſt may ſay;
Whoſe eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
Who ſits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.

To ſuit the dreſs demands the actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhou'd Pol Peachum ſhine in ſatin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe?

But in ſtage-cuſtoms what offends me moſt
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing ghoſt.
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting;
When keeneſt feelings at his boſom pull,
And fancy tells him that the ſeat is full;
Why need the ghoſt uſurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone ſhou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loſs deplore,
Why for twin ſpectres burſts the yawning floor?
When with diſorder'd ſtarts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And ſtill purſues them with a frantic ſtare,
'Tis pregnant madneſs brings the viſions there.
More inſtant horror would enforce the ſcene,
If all her ſhudd'rings were at ſhapes unſeen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended ſkill,
Mould all our paſſions to their inſtant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the ſtage,
(The ſpeaking comment of his Shakeſpear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I ſhake with horror, or diſſolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly ſeize the throne of taſte,
Nor dulneſs lay the realms of genius waſte!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uſes to the ſtage belong,
Than tumblers, monſters, pantomime, or ſong.

For

For other purpoſe was that ſpot deſign'd:
To purge the paſſions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent ſtage as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with ſcenes profane and looſe,
No reaſon weighs againſt it's proper uſe.
Tho' the lewd prieſt his ſacred function ſhame,
Religion's perfect law is ſtill the ſame.

Shall They, who trace the paſſions from their riſe,
Shew ſcorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind it's proper force to ſcan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profeſſion e'er provoke diſdain,
Who ſtand the foremoſt in the mortal train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And ſtrike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet,

Yet, hapleſs Artiſt! tho' thy ſkill can raiſe
The burſting peal of univerſal praiſe,
Tho' at thy beck Applauſe delighted ſtands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the ſtroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And lateſt times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praiſe of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the Actor's ſhare,
Relentleſs death untwiſts the mingled fame,
And ſinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muſcles of the various face,
The mien that gave each ſentence ſtrength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that ſpoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a ſingle trace behind.

To GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Written Jan. 1, 1761. From Tiſſington in Derbyſhire.

FRIENDSHIP with moſt is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, ſtagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And ſhares the pleaſure it beſtows.
If there is ought, whoſe lenient pow'r
Can ſooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And ſnatch the wretched from deſpair,
Superior to the ſenſe of woes,
From friendſhip's ſource the balſam flows.
Rich then am I, poſſeſt of thine,
Who know that happy balſam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The ſouls congenial ſpring to meet,
And emulation's infant ſtrife,
Cements the man in future life.

Oft

Oft too the mind well-pleas'd ſurveys
Its progreſs from its childiſh days ;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reaſon's ſober eyes,
Are children, but of larger ſize,
Have ſtill their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horſe of riper years.

Whether a bleſſing, or a curſe,
My rattle is the love of verſe.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which ſtill aſpires to reputation,
Bad infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to ſight.
For vanity, the poet's ſin,
Had ta'en poſſeſſion all within:
And he whoſe brain is verſe-poſſeſt,
Is in himſelf as highly bleſt,
As he, whoſe lines and circles vie
With heav'ns direction of the ſky.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the ſurface rides.
And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
That cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too uſe the common claim
And ſouſe at once upon my name,
Which ſome have done with greater ſtreſs,
Who know me, and who love me leſs.

Poets are very harmleſs things,
Unleſs you teaze one till he ſtings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to reſent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd perſon to reply?

In theſe familiar emanations,
Which are but writing converſations,
Where thought appears in diſhabille,
And fancy does juſt what ſhe will,
The ſoureſt critic wou'd excuſe
The vagrant ſallies of the Muſe:

Which

Which lady, for Apollo's bleſſing
Has ſtill attended our careſſing,
As many children round her ſees
As maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe,
Which I maintain at vaſt expence,
Of pen and paper, time and ſenſe:
And ſurely 'twas no ſmall miſcarriage
When firſt I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With ſome ſtrange caſtles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorum* book,
I cannot from enquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold eſtate
In lands, which they themſelves create,
A fooliſh title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongſt the great,
More than their brethren do of late;

Invited out at feaſts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine ;
Nor is it any where ſet down
They tipt the ſervants half a crown,
But paſs'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a ſong ;
As once, a wag in modern days,
When all are in theſe bribing ways,
His ſhillings to diſpenſe unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,
And walking gravely thro' the croud,
Which ſtood obſequiouſly, and bow'd,
To keep the faſhion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Tho' poet known, in Roman days,
Fearleſs he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that ſacred name
Contemptuous ſmile, or painful ſhame :

While with a fooliſh face of praiſe,
The folks wou'd ſtop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the ſtory leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the ſleeve,
While th' index of the finger ſhews,
— There — yonder's Horace — there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phraſe is, *ſmoke*.

Yet, there are thoſe, who're fond of wit,
Altho' they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain
Of Taſte, Virtù, and Judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
" Yes — He at bottom — don't you know him?
" That's He that wrote the laſt new poem.
" His Humour's exquiſitely high,
" You'll hear him open by and by."

The

The man in print and converſation
Have often very ſmall relation;
And he, whoſe humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and ſet down,
In public company may paſs,
For little better than an aſs.
Perhaps the fault is on his ſide,
Springs it from modeſty, or pride,
Thoſe qualities aſham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's ſtrange and ſhy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As, knowing that the world's ſevere,
He wou'd not ſuffer to eſcape
Familiar wit in eaſy ſhape:
Leſt gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and ſpoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultleſs parent come to ſhame.

Well, but methinks I hear you ſay,
Write then, my friend! — Write what? — " a Play.
" The theatres are open yet,
" The market for all ſterling wit;
" Try the ſtrong efforts of your pen,
" And draw the characters of men;
" Or bid the burſting tear to flow,
" Obedient to the fabled woe:
" With Tragedy's ſevereſt art,
" Anatomize the human heart,
" And, that you may be underſtood,
" Bid nature ſpeak, as nature ſhou'd."

That talent, George, tho' yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are ſure to pleaſe
With all the pow'rs of comic eaſe.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wiſhes, full of fears.
One might by pleaſant thoughts be led
To loſe a trifling maiden-head;

But

But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with Plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reaſon for their rules,
I dread the cenſure of your fools.
For tell me, and conſult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aſide)
How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
The critic proſing in the play'r?

Some of that calling have I known,
Who hold no judgment like their own;
And yet their reaſons fairly ſcan,
And ſeparate the wheat and bran,
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like croſſing on the ſtage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal paſt,
The play receiv'd, the parts all caſt,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections:
The man's is drawn too courſe and rough,
The lady's has not ſmut enough.
It want's a touch of Cibber's eaſe,
A higher kind of talk to pleaſe;
Such as your titled folks would chuſe,
And Lords and Ladyſhip's might uſe,
Which ſtile, whoever would ſucceed in,
Muſt have ſmall wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue — *ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, ſay I, *pardonnez moi!*

As long as life and buſineſs laſts,
The actors have their ſeveral caſts,
A walk where each his talents ſhews,
Queens, Nurſes, Tyrants, Lovers, Beaux;
Suppoſe you've found a girl of merit,
Who'd ſhew your part in all its ſpirit,

Take the whole meaning in the ſcope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob ſome others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the caſt is as you like,
To actors which you think will ſtrike.
To-morrow then — (but as you know
I've ne'er a Comedy to ſhew,
Let me a while in converſation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented —
To-morrow then, will be preſented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
How do you ſleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roaſt-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mabb's wheels a-croſs your temples creep,
You toſs and tumble in your ſleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and ſpleen,
" That fellow murders all my ſcene."

To-morrow

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And ſee the piece's fire and ſpirit;
Yet friendſhip's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the houſe in dreadful view!
Obſerve how cloſe the critics ſit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Noſy! Black Joke! God ſave the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls ſcream, *Encore!*
Cocks crow, pit hiſſes, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' ſome oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful ſound:
'Till, decent ſables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine.

If not, I take a pinch of ſnuff,
And wonder where you got ſuch ſtuff.

That done, a-gape the critics ſit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell,
— But hiſt! — the prompter rings his bell.
— Down there! hats off! — the curtain draws! —
What follows is — the juſt applauſe.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To the JEALOUS WIFE.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THE Jealous Wife! a Comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis Paſſion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might Diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.

What

What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah!* and *Oh!*

But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore. —
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakeſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhewn,
And borrowing, little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.

But if, all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him!— As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* paſt one *Blockhead* more.

The

The Nightingale, the Owl, and the Cuckow.

A FABLE.

Addreſſed to DAVID GARRICK, Eſq.

On the report of his retiring from the ſtage, Dec. 1760.

CRITICS, who like the ſcarecrows ſtand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with ſeverity of ſenſe,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face;
Eſpecially, if what you ſpeak
Shou'd crimſon o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him,
However juſt the application,
It looks a-ſquint at adulation.

I would

I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere.
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the Truth?
And She, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her cloaths,
When Falſhood ſtole them to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten brood of lies.
Why ſhou'd the prudiſh Goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in piteous fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The modeſt world ſhou'd fleer and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet ſhe might wear a proper dreſs
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs.
So Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Tho' round her ivory neck ſhe draws,
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze.

I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to? — Sirs,

A F A B L E.

When Birds allow'd the Eagle's ſway,
E'er Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majeſty of Air
Took Muſic underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded Concerts ev'ry night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction,
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in:
The beſt performers all were in it,
The Thruſh, Canary-bird, and Linnet.

But Birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've ſmalleſt claim.

The ſtaring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
" The Thruſh is but a paultry hand:
" And I can beſt ſupply that place,
" For I've a ſhake, a ſwell, a grace."

The Manager their ſuit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiſs'd.

The Cuckow hence, with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of naſty hue, and body ſcabby,
No would-be play-wright half ſo ſhabby)
Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of ſong.
" The Blackbird's note has loſt its force;
" The Nightingale is downright hoarſe;
" The Linnet's harſh; the Robin ſhrill;
" — The Sparrow has prodigious ſkill!

At length they had what they deſir'd:
The ſkilfull Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

TWO ODES*.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ· ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. PINDAR, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muſe, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canſt write,
And ſhadoweſt meaning with thy duſky veil!

What

* I take the liberty of inſerting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with ſtrict propriety, print them as my own compoſition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whoſe labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

What Poet ſings, and ſtrikes the ſtrings?
It was the mighty Theban ſpoke.
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n: or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold ſmoke.

I. 2.

The ſhallow Fop in antic veſt,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be ſingularly dreſt,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, ſhall not then the heav'n-born Muſes too
Variety purſue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muſe the ſtile of Cambria's ſons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia ſhe affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy ſtill ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terreſtial ball
The tyrant, Faſhion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddeſs, whom, in days of yore,
The Ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore.
Long ſhe paid him with diſdain,
And long his pangs in ſilence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-ſick pain
On thy bleſt Calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces ſprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Faſhion, Goddeſs ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She loves to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, aſtride.
Each blaſt that blows, around ſhe goes,
While nodding o'er her creſt,

Emblem

Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon ſtands confeſt,
Changing it's hues a thouſand times an hour.
And in a veſt is ſhe array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneleſs is her waiſt:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the ceſtos-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's ſhadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids purſue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
Meantime each Bard, with eager ſpeed,
Vaults on the Pegaſean Steed:
Yet not that Pegaſus, of yore
Which th' illuſtrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed.
High blood and youth his luſty veins inſpire.
From Tottipontimoy He came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his Sire. * His

* His White-noſe. He on fam'd Doncaſtria's plains
Reſign'd his fated breath:
In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's ſpeed, or man or ſteed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the race,
We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenoſe ſprings
Pegaſus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the Turf with acclamation rings.
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won.
There Granta's Son

* The Author is either miſtaken in this place, or has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenoſe was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.
HEBER.

Seiz'd on the Steed;
And thence him led, (ſo fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's ſong,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in ſilence laves,
Winding ſlow his ſluggiſh ſtreams along.

III. 1.

What ſtripling neat, of viſage ſweet,
In trimmeſt guiſe array'd,
Firſt the neighing Steed aſſay'd?
His hand a taper ſwitch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elaſtick ſteel:
The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenſwerd gay:
Till ſated with the pleaſing ride,
From the lofty Steed diſmounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conſcious pride,
By gurgling rill or cryſtal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, ſecure of praiſe,
His ſelf-complacent countenance diſplays.
His broad Muſtachios, ting'd with golden die,
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'er-hung with laviſh lid, yet ſhone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of buſhy peruke ſhadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whoſe ponderous weight
Would ſink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well pleas'd. So large a pair
Not Garagantua's ſelf might wear:
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we truſt to antient Ballad,
Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
Nor He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventrous Youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Faſt by whoſe ſide clear ſtreams meandring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery Steed
Up Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of Goats, with long and ſapient beard,
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain ſee him ſtrain!
Now down the vale he's toſt,
Now flaſhes on the ſight again,
Now in the Palpable Obſcure quite loſt.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Diſeaſe, miſchance, pale fear, and dubious fate.

But,

But, o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills ſurrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountain's ſteep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, ſee, he ſoars! With mighty wings outſpread,
And long reſounding mane,
The Courſer quits the plain.
Aloft in air, ſee, ſee him bear
The Bard, who ſhrouds
His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
Too fond to ſtrike the ſtars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endleſs night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring ſpirit
Rides thee now? tho' he inherit

Nor

Nor the pride, nor ſelf-opinion,
Which elate the mighty Pair,
Each of Taſte the fav'rite minion,
Prancing thro' the deſert air;
By help mechanick of Equeſtrian Block,
Yet ſhall he mount, with claſſick houſings grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courſer o'er the bounds of Taſte.



ODE

ODE to OBLIVION.

I.

*PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'ſt thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where ſcepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary ſway,
Whoſe ſullen pride the ſhiv'ring ghoſts obey!

Thou

* According to Lillæus, who beſtows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

There is a ſimilar paſſage in Buſbæus.

Thou, who delighteſt ſtill to dwell
By ſome hoar and moſs-grown cell,
At whoſe dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black ſtreams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it ſuit thy better will
To chuſe the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whoſe ſide the ſeeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his ſweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders ſlow,
Lethe's drowzy waters flow,
And hollow blaſts, which never ceaſe to ſigh,
Hum to each care-ſtruck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that goſſip, MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To ſpread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With Thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair ſilent Queen,
The ſolemn ſtole of grief is never ſeen.

II.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful ſway
The throng'd poetic hoſts obey.
Tho' in the van of MEM'RY proud t' appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What tho' the modern Tragic ſtrain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet thro' the Nine, like whelps of curriſh kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to Thee the Crambo Rhime,
The motley forms of Pantomime:
For Thee from Eunuch's throat ſtill loves to flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of his warbled woe:
Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born Magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if Thou deign'ſt to take one moment's care,
Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;

Whoſe Muſe ſtill offers at thy ſacred ſhrine; —
Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes *Him* THINE.
O, ſweet FORGETFULNESS, ſupreme
Rule ſupine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each ſad ſubject, o'er each ſoothing ſtrain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, ſtretch thine awful reign!
Nor let MEM'RY ſteal one note,
Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote!
So ſhalt thou ſave me from the Poet's ſhame,
Tho' on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY poſt my Name.

III.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding ſlumbers ſoft around!
O come! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Laureat's
Sack! —
See, where ſhe ſits on the benumb'd Torpedo's
back!
Me, in thy dull Elyſium lapt, O bleſs
With thy calm Forgetfulneſs!

And

And gently lull my ſenſes all the while
With placid poems in the ſinking ſtile!
Whether the Herring-Poet ſing,
Great Laureat of the Fiſhes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker ſtrains of Johnny—;
Or, if He ſing, whoſe verſe affords
A *bevy* of the *choiceſt* words,
Who meets his Lady Muſe by moſs-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
Theſe, Goddess, let me ſtill forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
So may'ſt Thou gently o'er my youthful breaſt
Spread, with thy welcome hand, Oblivion's friendly veſt.

THE

LAW-STUDENT.

An EPISTLE,

Addreſſed to the Author of

The JEALOUS WIFE;

With a Preface by

BEN JONSON.

POETASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OVID, LUSCUS.

Ovid. " *THEN, when this body falls in funeral fire,*
" *My name ſhall live, and my beſt part aſpire.*"
It ſhall go ſo.

Luſc. Young maſter, maſter Ovid, do you hear? Gods a'me! away with your ſongs, and ſonnets; and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room preſently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. Theſe verſes too, a poyſon on 'em, I cannot abide 'em, they make me ready to caſt, by the banks of Helicon. Nay, look, what a raſcally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear 'em now.

Ovid. Give me, how near's my father?

Luſc. Heart a' man: get a law-book in your hand, I will not anſwer you elſe. Why ſo, now there's

ſome

ſome formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old maſter's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you by the welkin.

Ovid. What haſt thou buſkins on, Luſcus, that thou ſwear'ſt ſo tragically and high?

Luſc. No, but I have boots on, ſir, and ſo has your father too by this time; for he call'd for 'em, e're I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why? was he no readier?

Luſc. O no; and there was the mad ſkeldring captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that preſſes every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries, (Thou muſt do't old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worſhip.)

Ovid. Who? Pantilius Tucca?

Luſc. I, he; and I met little maſter Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an' he be under their arreſt, I may (with ſafety enough) read over my elegy before he come.

Luſc.

Luſc. Gods a' me? what'll you do? Why young maſter, you are not Caſtalian mad, lunatick, frantick, deſperate? ha!

Ovid. What ail'ſt thou, Luſcus?

Luſc. God be with you, ſir, I'll leave you to your poetical fancies, and furies. I'll not be guilty, I.

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:
For thus alone, our ear ſhall better judge
The haſty errors of our morning muſe.
[Reads an elegy ending with
My name ſhall live, and my beſt part aſpire.

SCENE II.

Ovid ſenior, Ovid junior, Luſcus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus.

Ovid ſe. Your *name ſhall live* indeed, ſir; you ſay true: but how infamouſly, how ſcorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and ears of the beſt and graveſt Romans, that you think not on: you never ſo much as dream of that. Are theſe the fruits of all my tra-

vail and expences? Is this the ſcope and aim of thy ſtudies? Are theſe the hopeful courſes, wherewith I have ſo long flattered my expectation from thee? Verſes? Poetry? Ovid, whom I thought to ſee the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker?

Ovid ju. No, ſir.

Ovid ſe. Yes, ſir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, call'd Medea. By my houſhold-gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it; believe me when I promiſe it. What? ſhall I have my ſon a ſtager now? an enghle for players? a gull? a rook? a ſhot-clog? to make ſuppers, and be laugh'd at? Publius, I will ſet thee on the funeral pile firſt.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beſeech you to have patience.

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, theſe players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a ſtate, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it: I have not been a tribune thus long and obſerv'd nothing; beſides, they will rob us, us, that are magiſtrates, of our reſpect, bring us upon their ſtages, and make us ridiculous

culous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wiſeſt men they can come by ſtill, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropſhin, they will indeed, the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiſs his miſtreſs's ſlippers in quiet for 'em; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling ſuit to make his punk a ſupper. An honeſt decay'd commander cannot ſkelder, cheat, nor be ſeen in a bawdy-houſe, but he ſhall be ſtrait in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the ſtatute, the raſcals; they are blazon'd there; there they are trick'd, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wiſs.

Ovid ſe. Methinks, if nothing elſe, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, ſhould fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee diſtaſte enough of their actions. But this betrays what a

ſtudent you are, this argues your proficiency in the Law.

Ovid ju. They wrong me, ſir, and do abuſe you more,
That blow your ears with theſe untrue reports.
I am not known unto the open ſtage,
Nor do I traffick in their theatres.
Indeed, I do acknowledge, at requeſt
Of ſome meer friends, and honourable Romans,
I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid ſe. You have, ſir, a poem? and where is't? That's the Law you ſtudy.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid. ſe. Cornelius Gallus; There's another gallant too hath drunk of the ſame poiſon, and Tibullus and Propertius. But theſe are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and haſt nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I proteſt ſhall be bare indeed, if thou forſake not theſe unprofitable by-courſes, and that timely too. Name me a profeſt poet, that his poetry did ever afford him ſo much as a competency. I, your god of poets there (whom all of you

you admire and reverence ſo much) Homer, he whole worm-eaten ſtatue muſt not be ſpewed againſt, but with hallow'd lips and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old ſwaggerer; he was a poor, blind, rhyming raſcal, that liv'd obſcurely up and down in booths and tap-houſes, and ſcarce ever made a good meal in his ſleep, the whoreſon hungry beggar.

Ovid ſe. He ſays well: Nay, I know this nettles you now; but anſwer me, is't not true? You'll tell me his name ſhall live; and that (now being dead) his works have eternis'd him, and made him divine; but could this divinity feed him while he liv'd? could his name feaſt him?

Tuc. Or purchaſe him a ſenator's revenue? could it?

Ovid ſe. I, or give him place in the common-wealth? worſhip, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou ſpeakeſt ſentences, old Bias.

Lup. All this the Law will do, young ſir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid

Ovid ſe. If he be mine, he ſhall follow and obſerve what I will apt him to, or I profeſs here openly and utterly to diſclaim him.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego theſe moods:

I will be any thing, or ſtudy any thing;
I'll prove the unfaſhion'd body of the Law
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'ſt ſtrains
Run ſmoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid ſe. Propertius' elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid ſe. Why, he cannot ſpeak, he cannot think out of poetry; he is bewitch'd with it.

Lup. Come, do not miſ-priſe him.

Ovid ſe. Miſ-prize? I marry, I would have him uſe ſome ſuch words now; they have ſome touch, ſome taſte of the Law. He ſhould make himſelf a ſtile out of theſe, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, muſt ſhoot through the Law; we have no other planet reigns, and in that ſphere you may ſit and ſing with angels. Why, the Law makes a man happy,

without

without reſpecting any other merit; a ſimple ſcholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble Neophyte; my little grammaticaſter, he does: it ſhall never put thee to thy mathematicks, metaphyſicks, philoſophy, and I know not what ſuppos'd ſufficiencies; if thou canſt but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noiſe enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furniſh you.

Tuc. And the leſs art the better: beſides, when it ſhall be in the power of thy chevril conſcience to do right or wrong at thy pleaſure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. I, and to have better men than himſelf, by many thouſand degrees, to obſerve him, and ſtand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himſelf proud and ſtately, and have the law on his ſide for't, old boy.

Ovid. ſe. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I muſt leave you. Publius, if thou wilt have my favour, abandon theſe idle fruitleſs ſtudies that ſo bewitch

witch thee. Send Janus home his back-face again, and look only forward to the law: intend that. I will allow thee what ſhall ſute thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy ſociety with the beſt; and under theſe conditions I leave thee. My bleſſings light upon thee, if thou reſpect them; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ake for itſelf; and ſo farewel.

The

The LAW-STUDENT.

To GEORGE COLMAN, Eſq.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permeſſidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiuſque Forum eſt.

MART.

NOW Chriſt-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important ſtudies of the Law begin.
Now groan the ſhelves beneath th' unuſual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Claſſic Author ſeeks his peaceful nook,
And modeſt Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd ſhelves ſink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,

While, arm'd with theſe, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of Law,
Say whence ſo few ſucceed? where thouſands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say, why Cæcilius quits the gainful trade
For regimentals, ſword, and ſmart cockade?
Or Sextus why his firſt profeſſion leaves
For narrower band, plain ſhirt, and pudding ſleeves?

The depth of Law aſks ſtudy, thought, and care;
Shall we ſeek theſe in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is ſeldom found
In the briſk heir to forty thouſand pound.
Wealth, that excuſes folly, ſloth creates,
Few, who can ſpend, e'er learn to get eſtates.
What is to him dry caſe, or dull report,
Who ſtudies faſhions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that thing of emptineſs and ſhow,
That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple-Beau?
Obſerve him daily ſauntring up and down,
In purple ſlippers, and in ſilken gown;

Laſt

Laſt night's debauch, his morning converſation;
The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
He nor courts, clients, or the law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden.
Yet he's a Scholar; — mark him in the Pit
With critic catcall ſound the ſtops of wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Cenſor of ſtile from tragedy to ſong:
Him ev'ry witling views with ſecret awe,
Deep in the Drama, ſhallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the ſcience, they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and ſtarts,
And varniſh folly with the name of Parts;
Truſt on to Genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowlege in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
If, loit'ring, up th' aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
No ſtarts of labour can redeem the time.
Induſtrious ſtudy wins by ſlow degrees,
True ſons of Coke can ne'er be ſons of eaſe.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has ſmit,
Who, blind to intereſt, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing road,
With Attic flowers and Claſſic wreaths beſtrew'd:
Wedded to verſe, embrac'd the Muſe for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
Where'er the Muſe uſurps deſpotic ſway,
All other ſtudies muſt of force give way.
Int'reſt in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonſuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead againſt a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!)

" In

" In all our author's tenures, **be it noted,**
" This is the fourth time any verſe is quoted."
Which, 'gainſt the Muſe and verſe, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli proſequi*.

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What tho' the ſprightly ſcene, well-acted, draws
From unpack'd Engliſhmen unbrib'd applauſe,
Some Monthly Grub, ſome Dennis of the age,
In print cries ſhame on the degen'rate ſtage *.
If haply Churchill ſtrive, with generous aim,
To fan the ſparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy deſert, he prove his own;
Envy ſhall ſtrait to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her ſpleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee,

* See the very curious and *very ſimilar* criticiſms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the moſt malicious and inſolent attack on that writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the ſucceeding Month, containing freſh inſults on one of the injured parties.

Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
And boldly print and publiſh a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeneſs drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have ſaid,
(Friends, whom the ſureſt maxims ever led)
Turn parſon, Colman, that's the way to thrive;
Your parſons are the happieſt men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Biſhops, twenty-four.
Of pride and claret, ſloth and ven'ſon full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need penſive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to ſleep;
On rich preferments battens at his eaſe,
Nor ſweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear Colman, to the Bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?

'Tis

'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the Hall to take your ſilent ſtand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave ſerjeants cite each wiſe report,
And noting down ſage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

Theſe are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *ſecond Vernon* down to *ſecond Strange*.
Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulneſs no longer on the woolpack ſits;
No longer on the drawling droniſh herd
Are the firſt honours of the law confer'd;
But they, whoſe fame reward's due tribute draws,
Whoſe active merit challenges applauſe,
Like glorious beacons, are ſet high to view,
To mark the paths which genius ſhou'd perſue.

O for

O for thy ſpirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What boſom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from Jargon born to reſcue Law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal ſaw!
To ſtrip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!

PRAT! on thy lips perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue:
On thy voice truth may reſt, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY found the juſt decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICK's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier ſecond Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Faſhion'd in black corruption's pliant ſchool;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the ſcales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, ſee in YORKE the force of lineal worth!

But

But why their ſev'ral merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd ſage's praiſes dwell?
WILMOT how well his place, or FOSTER fills?
Or ſhrew'd ſenſe beaming from the eye of WILLS?

Such, while thou ſee'ſt the public care engage,
Their fame increaſing with increaſing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' ſchool,
Whoſe warmth of ſoul ſound judgment knew to cool:
— With ſuch illuſtrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, youv'e too much wit to riſe:
Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Preſs to ********* *** ** **.

The First Book of the HENRIADE.

Translated from the French of M. De VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
By right of conquest king, by right of birth,
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
There learnt the noblest science, how to Rule;
Bad Faction's furious discord cease to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
Baffled the daring League's rebellious schemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:
With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's sire.

Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan height
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
My verse illume! and O, let mortals hear
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!

Be

Be thou my guide! thy ſage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
'Tis thine, bleſt maid, and only thine, to ſhow
What moſt befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And ſhew what ills from civil diſcord riſe!
Nor ſpare with decent boldneſs to diſcloſe
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her ſoft accents with thy ſterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces ſpread;
If e'er her ſhades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form ſpring ſtronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy ſteps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!

Still VALOIS reign'd, and ſunk in pleaſure's bow'r,
O'er a mad ſtate held looſe the reigns of pow'r:
The trampled Law had loſt its ancient force,
And Right confounded, miſs'd her even courſe.

'Twas thus when VALOIS France's ſceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;
His laurels wither'd, and all blaſted now,
Which conqueſt hung upon his infant brow;
Whoſe progreſs Europe mark'd with conſcious fear,
Whoſe loſs provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
The North admiring call'd him to the throne.
In ſecond rank, the light which ſtrikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the firſt, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's ſtern ſoldier, active, firm, and brave,
He ſunk a monarch, pleaſure's abject ſlave.
Lull'd with ſoft eaſe, forgetful all of ſtate,
His weakneſs totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
While loſt in ſloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The ſons of riot govern'd in his name.
QUELUS, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
JOYEUSE the gay, and D' ESPERNON the fair,
The careleſs king in pleaſure plung'd with theſe,
In luſt intemperate, and lethargic eaſe.

Mean

Mean time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakneſs gave.
Then roſe the fatal League in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their ſacred Monarch brav'd,
Led by thoſe Tyrants, who their rights enſlav'd.
His friends forſook him, helpleſs and alone,
His ſervants chas'd him from his royal throne;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crouding ſtranger ſaw.
Through all the city burſt rebellion's flame;
And all was loſt, when virtuous BOURBON came;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to reſtore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active preſence breath'd an inſtant flame;
No longer now the ſluggiſh ſons of ſhame,
Onward they preſs, where glory calls, to arms,
And ſpring to War from Pleaſure's ſilken charms:
To Paris gates both kings advance amain,
Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
While Europe, watching where the tempeſt falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.

Within

Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church: and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monſter, deaf to human woe,
To her own ſubjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to deſtroy,
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy;
To neither party ought of mercy ſhown,
Well-pleas'd ſhe ſtabs the dagger in her own;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breaſt ſhe fires,
And ſmiles to puniſh what herſelf inſpires.

Weſt of the city, near thoſe borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her ſloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleaſure's ſoft retreats are found,
Where triumphs art, and nature ſmiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody ſtage
For war's ſtern combat and relentleſs rage)
Th' unhappy VALOIS bad his troops advance,
There ruſh'd at once the generous ſtrength of France.

A thouſand heroes, eager for the fight,
By ſects divided, from revenge unite.
Theſe virtuous BOURBON leads, their choſen guide,
Their cauſe confederate, and their hearts allied.
It ſeem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cauſe, and chief the fame.

The ſacred LOUIS, ſire of BOURBON's race,
From azure ſkies, beſide the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the Hero with paternal care;
With ſuch as prophets feel, a bleſt preſage,
He ſaw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, tho' he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was deſtin'd which they gave,
More will'd the Saint, the light which ſhines to ſave.

Still HENRY's ſteps mov'd onward to the throne,
By ſecret ways, e'en to himſelf unknown.

His

His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet ſent,
But hid the arm his wiſe indulgence lent;
Leſt ſure of conqueſt, he had ſlack'd his flame,
Nor grappl'd danger for the meed of fame.

Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful Conqueſt held her even ſcale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And ſlaughter'd heaps in wild confuſion lay,
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king addreſt,
The ſigh deep-heaving from his anxious breaſt.

" You ſee what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
" Nor yet alone, — the injury is thine.
" The dauntleſs League, by hardy Chieftains led,
" Which hiſſes faction with her Hydra head,
" Boldly confederate by a deſperate oath,
" Aims not at me alone, but ſtrikes at both.
" Tho' I long ſince the regal circle wear,
" Tho' thou by rank ſucceed my rightful heir,
" Paris diſowns us, nor will homage bring
" To me their preſent, you their future king.

Thine,

" Thine, well they know the next illuſtrious claim,
" From law, from birth, and deeds of loudeſt fame;
" Yet from that throne's hereditary right
" Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.
" Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
" And holy councils join her firm decree:
" ROME, tho' ſhe raiſe no ſoldier's martial band,
" Yet kindles war thro' every awe-ſtruck land;
" Beneath her banners bids each hoſt repair,
" And truſts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
" Far from my hopes each ſummer friend is flown,
" No ſubjects hail me on my ſacred throne;
" No kindred now the kind affection ſhows,
" All fly, their king, abandon, or oppoſe:
" Rich in my ſpoils, with greedy treacherous haſte,
" While the baſe Spaniard lays my country waſte.
" Midſt foes like theſe, abandon'd, and betray'd,
" France in her turn ſhall ſeek a foreign aid:
" Shall Britain's court by ſecret methods try,
" And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
" Of old I know between each pow'rful ſtate,
" Subſiſts a jealous and immortal hate;

" That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
" And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
" But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
" Have now no ſubjects, and no country own:
" Vengeance alone my ſtern reſolves avow,
" Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
" The ſnail-pac'd agents, whoſe deliberate way,
" Creeps on in trammels of preſcrib'd delay,
" Such fit not now; 'tis You, great Prince, alone
" Muſt haſte a ſuppliant to ELIZA's throne.
" Your voice alone ſhall needful ſuccours bring,
" And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
" To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
" Plead the king's cauſe, and raiſe their generous flame!
" My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
" But from thy virtues I muſt hope for friends."

Thus ſpoke the king, while HENRY's looks confeſt
The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breaſt,
Leſt others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And raviſh from him half the meed of fame.

With

With deep regret the Hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without ſuccours, without ſkill's intrigue,
Himſelf with CONDE' ſhook the trembling League.
When thoſe command, who hold the regal ſway,
It is a ſubject's virtue to obey.
Reſolv'd to follow what the King commands,
The blows, ſuſpended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' aſtoniſh'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate ſeem'd depending on the Chief's return.
His abſence ſtill unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the ſudden blow;
While VALOIS' troops ſtill feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.

Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his ſoul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of ſteady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'rers ſtrain;

Rich in deſert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, tho' on error's ſide;
With ſignal prudence bleſt, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Cenſor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce aſſailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Acroſs two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
The foaming ocean laſhes either ſhore,
To Dieppe's ſtrong port the Hero's ſteps repair;
The ready ſailors ply their buſy care.
The tow'ring ſhips, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air diſplay their canvas wings;
Not ſwell'd by Boreas now, the glaſſy ſeas
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly ſhore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they ſail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At diſtance roſe full fairly to the ſight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and ſeas tempeſtuous roll:

The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and deſpair.
No partial fear the Hero's boſom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes.
It ſeem'd his looks, toward her in ſilence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which croſs'd his great intent.
So CÆSAR, ſtriving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverſe tempeſts hurl'd,
Truſting, undaunted, and ſecurely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the ſwelling wave.
Tho' leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's ſelf engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.

Mean time that GOD, whoſe power the tempeſt binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whoſe wiſdom, which preſides o'er all,
Can raiſe, protect, or cruſh this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Beheld the Hero with conſidering eyes.
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempeſt's roar
The toſſing veſſel reach'd the neighbouring ſhore;

Where

Where Jerſey riſes from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.

At a ſmall diſtance from the ſhore, there ſtood
The growth of many years, a ſhadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement ſaves
From the rude blaſts, and hoarſe-reſounding waves.
A grotto ſtands behind, whoſe ſtructure knows
The ſimple grace, which nature's hand beſtows.
Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only ſtudy was himſelf to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his miſpent days,
Or loſt in love, or pleaſure's flowry maze.
No guſts of folly ſwell the dangerous tide,
While all his paſſions to a calm ſubſide;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the ſimple herb, his drink the ſtream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience t'ward the port of death,

When

When the pure ſoul to bliſsful realms ſhall ſoar,
And join with God himſelf to part no more.
The God he worſhipp'd ey'd the zealous Sage,
And bleſs'd with wiſdom's lore his ſilver'd age:
Gave him the ſkill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.

The Sage with conſcious joy the Prince addreſs'd,
And ſpread the table for his royal gueſt;
The prompt repaſt, which ſimple nature ſuits,
The ſtream's freſh water, and the foreſt's roots.
Not unaccuſtom'd to the homely fare,
The Warrior ſat; for oft from buſy care,
From courts retir'd, and pomp's faſtidious pride,
The Hero dar'd to throw the king aſide:
And in the ruſtic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repaſt, and chearful look;
Found in himſelf the joys to kings unknown
And ſelf depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds ſupplies
Much converſe, wholſome to the good and wiſe.

Much

Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of Chriſtian kingdoms torn with jarring ſtrife.
The zeal of MORNAY, like a ſtubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin ſtood his firm ſupport.
HENRY, ſtill doubting, ſought th' indulgent ſkies,
That lights' clear ray might burſt upon his eyes,
" Muſt then, ſaid he, the truth be always found,
" To mortals weak with miſts encompas'd round?
" Muſt I ſtill err, my way in darkneſs trod,
" Nor know the path which leads me to my GOD?
" If all alike he will'd us to obey,
" The GOD who will'd it, had preſcrib'd the way.

" Let us not vainly GOD's deſigns explore!
" (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
" Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
" For faults, where mortals are themſelves the cauſe.
" Theſe aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
" When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic ſhore,
" Then, tho' with blood it now diſtains the earth,
" Creeping in ſhade and humble in the birth,

" I

" I ſaw it baniſh'd by religion's laws,
" Without one friend to combat in the cauſe.
" Thro' ways oblique I ſaw the phantom tread,
" Slow winding, and aſham'd to rear her head,
" 'Till, at the laſt, upheld by pow'rful arms,
" 'Midſt cannon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
" Burſt forth the Monſter in the glare of light,
" With tow'ring front, full dreadful to the ſight;
" To ſcoul at mortals from her tyrant ſeat,
" And ſpurn our altars at her impious feet.
" Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
" I wail'd Religion's and my Country's lot;
" Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
" Some dawn of hope preſents its chearful rays.
" So new a worſhip cannot long ſurvive,
" Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
" With that it roſe, with that ſhall die away,
" Man's works and Man are bubbles of a day.
" The God, who reigns for ever and the ſame,
" At pleaſure blaſts a world's preſumptuous aim.
" Vain is our malice, vain our ſtrength diſplay'd,
" To ſap the city his right hand hath made;

" Himſelf hath fix'd the ſtrong foundations low,
" Which brave the wreck of time, and hell's invete-
" rate blow:
" The Lord of Lords ſhall bleſs thy purged ſight
" With bright effulgence of diviner light;
" On thee, Great Prince, his mercies he'll beſtow,
" And ſhed that Truth thy boſom pants to know.
" THAT GOD hath choſe thee, and his hand alone
" Safe through the war ſhall lead thee to a throne.
" Conqueſt already (for his voice is fate,)
" For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.
" If on thy ſight the Truth unnotic'd falls,
" Hope not admiſſion in thy Paris' walls.
" Tho' ſplendid Eaſe invite thee to her arms,
" O ſhun, Great Prince, the Syren's poiſon'd charms!
" O'er thy ſtrong paſſions hold a glorious reign,
" Fly love's ſoft lap, break pleaſure's ſilken chain!
" And when, with efforts ſtrong, all foes o'erthrown,
" A League's great conqueror, and what's more Your
" Own,
" When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
" Thy people hail thee with one common choice,

" From

" From a dread ſiege, to fame for ever known,
" To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
" That time, Affliction ſhall lay by her rod,
" And thy glad eyes ſhall ſeek thy father's GOD:
" Then ſhalt thou ſee from whence thy arms prevail.
" Go, Prince — WHO TRUSTS IN GOD — can never
" fail."

Each word the Sage's holy lips impart,
Falls, like a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.
The Hero ſtood tranſported in his mind
To times, when GOD held converſe with mankind,
When ſimple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
And Truth commanding bid e'en kings adore.
His eager arms the reverend Sage embrace,
And the warm tear faſt trickled down his face.
Untouch'd, yet loſt awhile in deep ſurpriſe,
Stood MORNAY brave; for ſtill on MORNAY's eyes
Hung error's miſt, and GOD's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to HENRY's breaſt reveal'd.
His wiſdom idly wou'd the world prefer,
Whoſe lot, tho' rich in virtues, was to err.

While the wrapt Sage fulfilling God's beheſt,
Spoke inſpiration to the Prince's breaſt,
Huſh'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the ſeas, and nature ſmil'd around.
The Sage his guide, the Hero ſought his way
Where the tall veſſels ſafe at anchor lay:
The ready ſailors quit the friendly ſtrand,
Hoiſt the glad ſails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coaſt his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in ſilence Britain's happier change:
Where laws abus'd by foul inteſtine foes,
Had erſt entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody ſtage,
Where ſlaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence deſcended ſprings,
Th' illuſtrious lineage of a hundred kings,
Like Henry, long in adverſe fortune ſchool'd,
O'er willing Engliſh hearts a Woman rul'd:
And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long luſtre of her crouded race.

ELIZA then, in Britain's happieſt hour,
Held the juſt balance of contending pow'r;
Made Engliſh ſubjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not ſerve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her ſacred reign the nation knows
No ſad remembrance of its former woes;
Their flocks ſecurely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners burſting with their golden grain.
The ſtately ſhips, their ſwelling ſails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the diſtant world:
All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the ſea.
Wide o'er the waves his fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's GOD.
Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together ſate,
King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold ſtate.
Though ſeparate each their ſeveral intereſt draw,
Yet all united form the ſtedfaſt law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in ſtrong conjunction knit;

Pow'r to itſelf of danger often found,
But ſpreading terror to its neighbours round.
Bleſt, when the people duty's homage ſhow,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
More bleſt, when kings for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
" Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, ſhall our diſcord ceaſe,
" Our glory, Albion, riſe, like thine, in peace?
" Bluſh, bluſh, ye kings, ye lords of jarring ſtates,
" A Woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
" YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppreſt,
" While SHE reigns happy o'er a people bleſt."

Mean time the Hero reach'd the ſea-girt iſle,
Where freedom bids eternal plenty ſmile;
Not far from William's Tow'r at diſtance ſeen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the Virgin Queen.
Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his ſide,
Without the noiſe and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain purſue,
But glare unheeded to the Hero's view,

The Prince arriv'd: With bold and manly ſenſe
He ſpoke, his frankneſs, all his eloquence;
Told his ſad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act ſubmiſſion's part;
For needful aids the Britiſh Queen addreſt,
While in the ſuppliant ſhone the king confeſt.
" Com'ſt thou, reply'd the Queen, with ſtrange ſur-
" priſe,
" Com'ſt thou from VALOIS for the wiſh'd allies?
" Aſk'ſt thou protection for a tyrant foe,
" Whoſe deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?
" Far as the golden ſun begins to riſe,
" To where he drives adown the weſtern ſkies,
" His ſtrife and Thine to all the world is known:
" Stand'ſt thou for Him a friend at Britain's throne?
" And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear'd,
" Arm'd in his cauſe, and for his vengeance rear'd?"
When thus the Prince: " A monarch's adverſe fate
" Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
" VALOIS was then a ſlave, his paſſion's ſlave,
" But now himſelf, a monarch firm and brave;

" He

" He burſts at once the ignominious chain,
" Reſumes the Hero, and aſſerts his reign.
" Bleſt, if of nature more aſſur'd and free,
" He'd ſought no aid but from himſelf and me!
" But, led by fraud, and arts, all inſincere,
" He was my foe from weakneſs and from fear.
" His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
"I've gain'd the conqueſt — grant me vengeance,
" You!
" For know the work is thine, Illuſtrious Dame,
" To deck thy Albion's brows with worthieſt fame.
" Let thy protection ſpread her ready wings,
" And fight with me the injur'd cauſe of Kings!"

ELIZA then, for much ſhe wiſh'd to know,
The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence riſing firſt the civil diſcord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame —
" To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
" Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
" Whoſe rapid wing too indiſcreetly flies,
" And ſpreads abroad her indigeſted lies.

" Deaf

" Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illuſtrious Youth,
" From thee alone ELIZA ſeeks the truth.
" Tell me, for you have witneſs'd all the woe,
" VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering foe,
" Say, whence this friendſhip, this alliance grew,
" Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you ;
" Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone
" Can paint the virtues which yourſelf hath ſhown.
" Teach me thy woes, for know thy ſtory brings
" A moral leſſon to the pride of kings."

" And muſt my memory then, Illuſtrious Queen,
" Recal the horrors of each dreadful ſcene ?
" O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which
" knows,
" How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
" Oblivion then had ſnatch'd them from the light,
" And hid them buried in eternal night.
" Neareſt of blood, muſt I aloud proclaim,
" The princes' madneſs, and expoſe their ſhame ?
" Reflection ſhakes my mind with wild diſmay —
" But 'tis ELIZA's will, and I obey.

" Others, in ſpeaking, from their ſmooth addreſs
" Might make their weakneſs or their crimes ſeem
" leſs :"
" The flowery art was never made for me,
" I ſpeak a ſoldier's language, plain and free."

FAMILIAR

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To ——— Apothecary.

WHEN once a man ſo far is gone
To wet his lips at Helicon,
Not all the hellebore, which you
Buy in, the Lord knows what to do,
His head can ſettle, or reſtore
His reaſon as it was before.

Talk about phyſic, what you will,
And magnify the doctor's ſkill,
Mention the names of all the college,
Thoſe ſhining miracles of knowledge,
Or more to juſtify your praiſe,
Call in the learn'd of former days,
Let Mead, Friend, Boorehave, Ratcliffe join,
Their mighty-knowing heads to thine,
Conſult together, and ſurvey
The whole *Materia Medica*,

The various powers of med'cine ſtate,
And find out virtues, or create,
Try all old ways, if they won't do
Experimentally try new ;
And when all's ended, reſt aſſur'd,
Poetic madneſs can't be cur'd.

When haughty Cælia's vain deſires
Inflame her brain, and fancy fires,
When on her bed ſhe ſits elate
And takes it for a throne of ſtate,
And with a ſceptre made of ſtraw
Keeps the ſubjected world in awe ;
Or when Clariſſa, hapleſs fair,
With downcaſt eye, and penſive air
Treads her lone cell, and now complains
Of broken vows, and perjur'd ſwains,
Now blames her own too eaſy heart,
Which took the baſe deluder's part ;
Or when the poet's rowling eye
Proclaims his hour of phrenzy nigh,

When

When on imaginary horſe
From pole to pole he takes his courſe,
Or, of fantaſtick trophies proud,
Beſtrides ſome eaſy-pacing cloud,
Or wildly running thro' the ſtreets,
Pours couplets out to all he meets;
Can Addington, with all his care,
The ſhatter'd ſeat of ſenſe repair?

When Madneſs (now my worthy friend,
I muſt inſiſt that you'll attend,
For of diſtinctions fond I'm grown,
And ſo will make one of my own,
A nice diſtinction, not a jot
It matters whether true or not,
For he proceeds on ſureſt grounds
Who, when he can't convince, confounds,
And to the credit of his brain,
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain)
When Madneſs, of all ſorts and ſizes,
From bodily diſeaſe ariſes,

Whether

Whether the blood half froze remains,
And ſcarce moves lab'ring thro' the veins,
Or, over-hot with ſanguine pride,
Impetuous rolls her rapid tide,
If the mind is no more affected,
Than as with body 'tis connected,
Phyſic may then of ſervice prove,
Abate the grief, perhaps remove;
But if the body and the brain
Only, t'oblige the mind, complain,
And the diſtemper's in the heart,
It is beyond the reach of art.

But to diſtinguiſh farther ſtill—
Read it or not, juſt as you will,
Or, if you read, commend or blame,
To me, old boy, 'tis all the ſame;
Say, if you pleaſe, perhaps ſay true,
This nothing is to me or you,
Or ſay, what obſervation ſays
Of many great men now-adays,

Of

Of moſt indeed, that I am one
Of great diſtinction, judgment none.
But once more to return, for this
You'll read in a parentheſis,
Tho' I had left you in the dark
By leaving out the uſual mark.

All kinds of Madneſs, we ſhall find,
Ev'n thoſe which ſpring out of the mind,
More readily a cure admit,
Than that which flows from Love of Wit.
In other phrenzies pain's endur'd,
The patient wiſhes to be cur'd,
If e'er ſome lucid interval
The ſcatter'd rays of ſenſe recal;
Whereas the poet's higheſt pleaſure,
And frequently his only treaſure,
In Madneſs lies; his joys ſtill vary,
Joys real or imaginary,
As his head turns, and he's moſt bleſt,
When moſt with Madneſs he's poſſeſt.

Phœbus himſelf, that we may quote
Example of undoubted note,
Phœbus, who well is known to be
Of Phyſic, God, and Poetry,
When firſt he found by ſymptoms ſure
His brain affected, thought of cure;
Try'd ev'ry way, but try'd in vain,
To ſettle his diſtracted brain.
Convinc'd at length, that nought would do,
The uſeleſs drugs aſide he threw,
And ſmiling to the liſt'ning croud
This maxim he declar'd aloud
(A maxim ſince moſt ſacred had)
No Poet's WISE *who is not* MAD.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
The greateſt demirep above,
Who ſcorn'd reſtriction, hated cuſtom,
Knew her own ſex too well to truſt 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere traſh,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment came
To ſee CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whoſe praiſe by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own,

And who hath been for many years
The chief directreſs of the ſpheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a ſtar,
Who, in the honeſt way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckold's made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to ſay, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the ſky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm ſure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with ſkill.

Methinks

Methinks I hear the reader cry —
His part with ſkill? why, You or I,
Or any body elſe, as well
As Thomas, ſure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of ſkill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature! I ſuppoſe,
Nay, and am ſure, you're one of thoſe
Who, at what door ſoe'er they be,
Will always knock in the ſame key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing elſe to do,
But to inform the houſe, no doubt,
That there was ſomebody without,
Who, if they might ſuch favour win,
Would rather chuſe to be within.

But had our ſervants no more ſenſe,
Lord! what muſt be the conſequence?
Error would error ſtill purſue,
And ſtrife and anarchy enſue,

Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence ſhe declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Thro' all her niceties muſt bleed.

For if there was not to be found
Some wholeſome difference of ſound,
But the ſame rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordſhip hop'd to ſee
Some raſcal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy ſtill,
The ſtupid wretch, who brings a bill,
Might paſs thro' all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace
Wich carriage ſtiff, and formal face,
Which, ſhe deceiv'd, had taken care
For ſome inferior to prepare.

Or might ſome wretch from Lombard-ſtreet
With greater eaſe and freedom meet,
Than ſenſe of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.

Thoſe evils wiſely to prevent,
And root out care and diſcontent,
Ev'ry gay ſmart, who rides behind,
With roſe and bag in taſte refin'd,
Muſt muſick fully underſtand,
Have a nice ear and ſkilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoiſſeur in ſound;
Thro' all the gamut ſkilful fly,
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he ſhifts his place;
Now hoarſely grumbling in the baſe,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raiſing his ſhrill ſtrain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His maſter's fortune and degree,

By

By the diſtinguiſhing addreſs
Which he'll upon the door expreſs.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at Cæcilia's door,
Was perfect maſter of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her ſo,
That Madam Venus was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
The Goddess, without more ado,
Diſplaying beauty's thouſand airs,
Skim'd thro' the hall, and trip'd up ſtairs.

Cæcilia met her with a ſmile
Of great delight, when all the while
If her falſe heart could have been ſeen,
She wiſh'd ſhe had at Cyprus been.

But

But ladies, ſkill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And thoſe above, like thoſe below,
Deal frequently in outſide ſhow,
And always, to keep up parade,
Have a ſmile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Muſt for good-manners' ſake repeat,
As *humble ſervant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper ſpace
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Goddeſhip,
Which we for brevity ſhall ſkip,
Happily paſt, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies ſeated are.

Indiff'rent ſubjects firſt they chuſe,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they ſit upon the ſtate,
And ſnarl at the decrees of fate,

Invectives againſt Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone ſhould rule the world.

Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature ſhew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
Theſe intimates are ſaid to go,
So that where either doth preſide
T'other's exiſtence is implied.
The man of wit, ſo men decree,
Muſt without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd ſcarce forgets
To rank himſelf among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And moſt minutely could advance
Each intereſting circumſtance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Diſplay'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, obſerv'd, enlarg'd, applied,

And

And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In ſuch a way each tale rehearſe
As good made bad, and bad made worſe.

Cæcilia too, with ſaint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a ſaint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or ſhine, her church ne'er miſt,
Prude, devotee, and methodiſt,
With equal zeal the cauſe promoted,
Miſconſtru'd things, and words miſquoted,
Miſrepreſented, miſapplied,
And, inſpiration being her guide,
The very heart of man diſſected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongſt us, the ſanctified,
In all the ſpirituals of pride,

Whoſe honeſt conſciences ne'er reſted,
Till, of carnalities diveſted,
They knew and felt themſelves t'inherit
A double portion of the ſpirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilſt their poor children ſtarve at home,
Conſid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who ſent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To ſee their ev'ry want ſupplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors ſhould pay,
And hold that choſen veſſels muſt
Be generous before they're juſt,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And ſerve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilſt nought hereafter can prevent,
Their ſure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honeſt labour ſcorn, and ſay
None need to work who love to pray,

For heaven will ſatisfy their cravings,
By ſending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their ſpirits fail,
A diſh of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal reſort,
Praiſe what they do not underſtand,
Turn up the eye, ſtretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilſt ——— blows
The twang of nonſenſe thro' his noſe,
Or ——— deals in ſpeculation,
Or ——— hums his congregation,
Or ——— talks with the lord of hoſts,
——— with pillars and with poſts;
Who ſtrictly watch, leſt Satan ſhou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Enſnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor ſouls be taken napping;
Who ſtrictly faſt, becauſe they find,
The fleſh ſtill wars againſt the mind,
And fleſh of ſaints, like ſinner's, muſt
Be mortified, to keep down luſt;

Who, four times in the year at leaſt,
Join feaſt of love to love of feaſt,
Which, tho' the profligate and vain
In terms of blaſphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the myſteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themſelves ſalvation's ſeal,
And will not, muſt not, dare not doubt,
That heav'n itſelf can't blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to ſcandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't ſerve heav'n ſo well,
As with its creatures filling hell,
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They ſave themſelves, damn all beſide.
For perſons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others ſcorn, and ſeem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their ſpleen in tales of ſpite,

And think they raiſe their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with moſt ſucceſs,
Becauſe they charity profeſs,
And make the out-ſide of religion,
Like Mahomet's inſpiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough ſure that ——— ſaid it.

But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever ſuch a hodge-podge ſeen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and Whores,
Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
Stars, Flambeaus, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
Muſic, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
Intrigues, and Women's Thouſand Tricks,
Prudes, Methodiſts, and Devotees,
Faſtings, Feaſts, Pray'rs, and Charities,

Ceres,

Ceres, with her myſterious train,
———, ———, ———, and ———,
Fleſh, Spirit, Love, Hate, and Religion,
A Quail, a Raven, and a Pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large diſh,
Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Fleſh, and Fiſh.

Where's the connection, where's the plan?
The devil ſure is in the man.
All in an inſtant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reaſon for it — mum
There, my good critic, lies the hum —
Well, but methinks, it wou'd avail
To know the end of this — A TALE.

AN

An EPISTLE to C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR of the ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics, for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a foul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or prentice; we deteſt the ſhop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face:
Boldly perſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's maſk.

To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.

But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away.
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, ſought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.
In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Tho' modern witlings are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praiſe of either, with the want of all.
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.
— The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithſtanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe abilities he ſufficiently acknowledges.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontleſs both, they mean the ſame;
This raw in Phyſic, that in Letters freſh,
Both ſpring, like warts, excreſcence from the fleſh.
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling ſchools,
For all profeſſions have their rogues and fools,
Tho' the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Caſts no reflection on the wiſe or brave.

Yet, in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy He who calls out blockhead firſt,
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And ſails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.

Pity perhaps might wiſh a harmleſs fool
To ſcape th' obſervance of the critic ſchool;

But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, riſe,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful dulneſs, if ſhe ever wake,
Write ſleepy nonſenſe but for writing ſake,
And, ſtung with rage, and piouſly ſevere,
Wiſh bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If ſome ſmall wit, ſome ſix-lin'd verſeman, rakes
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents uſurp'd demand a cenſor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proſcrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, phyſician, lawyer, parſon, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, Actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Profeſſions bleed not from his juſt attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the ſtage are fools the ſame,
And every dunce is ſatire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has free'ſt room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author ſquires unite,
And ſelf-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointleſs ſatire make its weak eſcape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly purſue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics ſay.
Firm in thyſelf with calm indifference ſmile,
When the wiſe Vet'ran knows you by your ſtile,
With critic ſcales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy juſt and proper worth,
But to give falſhood's ſpurious iſſue birth;
And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs hand to raiſe
Malicious ſlander on the baſe of praiſe.

Diſgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Or fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But ſhrewd Suſpicion with her ſquinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd lye.

With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wiſhes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by cuſtom due
To the ſmall circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And ſends the whiſper buzzing through the ſtreets.
The prude demure, with ſober ſaint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for ſhe's wondrous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiſcreet.
She hopes the nymph will every danger ſhun,
Yet prays devoutly — that the deed were done.
Mean time ſits watching for the daily lie,
As ſpiders lurk to catch a ſimple fly.

Yet is not ſcandal to one ſex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yes, this great lord, creation's maſter, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For inſtance now, your Roſciad all to me.

If partial friendſhip, in thy ſterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praiſe,
Critics, who judge by ways themſelves have known,
Shall ſwear the praiſe, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in theſe learned days
For wits to ſcribble firſt, and after praiſe.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched ſtuff,
And help out nonſenſe by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant's forms weak puny elves,
And deſcant ſweetly on their own dear ſelves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reſerv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My Muſe e'er ſought to blaſt another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour ſilent where ſhe cou'd not praiſe.
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor, or mimic, printer, or Review,
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaſeleſs venom ſpread
Still hiſs out ſcandal from their Hydra head,

If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herſelf wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with juſtice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men.
All in their turns might make repriſals too,
Had all the patience but to read them through.
Come, to the utmoſt, probe the deſperate wound,
Nor ſpare the knife where'er infection's found!

But Prudence, Churchill, or her ſiſter, Fear,
Whiſpers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forſake the thorny road,
Leſt we ſhould flounder in ſome Fleet-Ditch Ode,
And ſunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will ſerve to cram the random hero in.

Hail

Hail mighty Bard too — whatſoe'er thy name,
——— or Durfy, for it's all the ſame.
To brother bards ſhall equal praiſe belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and ſong?
No coſtive Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd burſts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And daſh'd and ſplaſh'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muſes' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be ſolemn, ſad, put on the prieſtly frown,
Be dull! 'tis ſacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Chriſtian deed,
Your foes ſhall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad

Broad is the path by learning's ſons poſſeſs'd,
A thouſand modern wits might walk abreaſt,
Did not each poet mourn his luckleſs doom,
Joſtled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Muſt mourn in ſilence o'er the Muſe's fate.
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will.
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muſe,
Dwell monſtrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, preſs forward to the door.
But let ſome chief, ſome bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke theſe champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air to ſpaceleſs nothing fall
The caſtle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiſcerning rage,
To cenſure Giants in this poliſh'd age.
No lack of genius ſtains thoſe happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.

The

The ſee-ſaw Muſe that flows by *meaſur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pauſe,
With ſound alone, ſound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic ſin,
A *Magazine* muſt hand the lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, ſtrong and well,
The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muſe *does* tell:
Who, while ſhe ſtrives to cleanſe each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praiſe, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, ſo wiſe, ſo *taſteful* as our own.
Our curious hiſtories riſe at once COMPLETE,
Yet ſtill *continued*, as they're paid, per ſheet.

See every ſcience which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines ſhall every month beſtow,

Whoſe very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, *Chriſtian*, *Royal*, *Britiſh*, *Law*;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Stateſman, *Divine*, *Philoſopher* and *Wit*;
Compendious ſchemes! which teach all things at once,
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with ſuch frenzy grow,
Drawcanſir like, to ſtrike down friend and foe.
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boaſt a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praiſe, but, when ſuch *Things* oppoſe,
My praiſe of courſe muſt make them ———'s foes.

If manly JOHNSON, with ſatyric rage,
Laſh the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his ſtrong Muſe with genuine ſtrength aſpire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themſelves, and light their ruſhlights by.

What

What Muſe like GRAY's ſhall pleaſing penſive flow
Attemper'd ſweetly to the ruſtic woe?
Or who like him ſhall ſweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his maſter, pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cauſe,
To judge by reaſon's rules, and nature's laws,
Boaſt we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taſte unite.

Hail ſacred names! — Oh guard the Muſe's page,
Save your lov'd miſtreſs from a ruffian's rage;
See how ſhe gaſps and ſtruggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
Critics, like ſurgeons, bleſt with curious art,
Should mark each paſſage to the human heart,
But not, unſkilful, yet with lordly air,
Read ſurgeon's lectures while they ſcalp and tear.

To names like theſe I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not aſham'd to bow.

To theſe inſcribe my rude, but honeſt lays,
And feel the pleaſures of my conſcious praiſe.
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muſe, who owns no ſervile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Intended to have been ſpoken at Drury-lane theatre, on His Majeſty's Birth-Day, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But ſoars to heav'n from virtue's generous praiſe.
When Kings themſelves the proper judges ſit
O'er the bleſt realms of ſcience, arts and wit,
Each eager breaſt beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Auguſtus roſe imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then ſinew'd Genius, ſtrong and nervous roſe,
In Spenſer's numbers, and in Raleigh's proſe;
On Bacon's lips then every ſcience hung,
And Nature ſpoke from her own Shakeſpeare's tongue.

Her

Her patriot ſmiles fell, like refreſhing dews,
To wake to life each pleaſing uſeful Muſe,
While every virtue which the Queen profeſs'd,
Beam'd on her ſubjects, but to make them bleſt.
O glorious times! — O theme of praiſe divine!
— Be happy, Briton, then — ſuch times are thine.

Behold e'en now ſtrong ſcience imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muſes too burſt forth with double light,
To ſhed their luſtre in a Monarch's ſight.
His cheering ſmiles alike to all extend —
Perhaps *this ſpot* may boaſt a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himſelf ſhall marſhal out the way to taſte,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may riſe
Some powerful genius of uncommon ſize,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depths explore,
And be what our great Shakeſpeare was before.

GENIUS,

GENIUS, ENVY, and TIME,

A FABLE;

Addreſs'd to WILLIAM HOGARTH, Eſq.

IN all profeſſionary ſkill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in oppoſition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, ſhakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wiſe,
With ſolemn phiz, and critic ſcowl,
The wiſdom of his brother owl.

MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have preſcriptive claim: —
But let a century be paſt,
And We have taſte and wit at laſt;

For

For at that period Moderns too
Juſt turn the corner of *Virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of preſent fame,
For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that moſt offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shews taſte and ſkill in every part;
If, ever juſt to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here ſhall envy take her aim,
— — — write, and — — — blame.
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chaſtly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall ſet a ſcribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who ſhew their teeth before they bite,
And ſacrifice each reputation,
From wanton falſe imagination.
Theſe obſervations, rather ſtale,
May borrow ſpirit from a tale.

GENIUS,

GENIUS, a buſtling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and ſtarts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
From excentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But, was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, deſign, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the leaſt conſtraint,
Who hated all pedantic ſchools,
And ſcorn'd the gloſs of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the ſame ſufficient rule
To make a poem, as a ſtool—
From the firſt ſpring-time of his youth,
Was downright worſhipper of truth;
And, with a free and liberal ſpirit,
His courtſhip paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a ſquint-ey'd, meer old maid,
Well known among the ſcribbling trade;
A hag, ſo very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-ſkin;
Who could not for her ſoul abide
That folks ſhou'd praiſe, where ſhe muſt chide,
Follow'd the Youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and miſchief hatch,
To ruin HIM and ſpoil the match.
Honour ſhe held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real ſons of taſte
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waſte.

In ſhort, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thouſand names,
Which decency or truth diſclaims,

While

While all her buſineſs, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modeſt Maiden down,
And blaſt her fame to all the town.

The Youth, inflam'd with conſcious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his anſwer thus in rhyme,
By his chief miniſter, Old TIME.

" Repine not at what pedants ſay,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;
" If wither'd ENVY ſtrive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy ſtrength is in it's prime, my boy,
" And ev'ry year thy vigour grows
" Impairs the credit of thy foes.
" ENVY ſhall ſink, and be no more
" Than what her NAIADS were before;

" Mere excremental maggots, bred
" In poet's topſy-turvy head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.

" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I preſage,
" Who look through every diſtant age:
" MERIT ſhall bleſs thee with her charms,
" FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
" And ſtamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
" As *Phidias* of antiquity,
" Shall ſtrength, expreſſion, manner give,
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;
" While SIGISMUNDA's deep diſtreſs,
" Which looks the ſoul of wretchedneſs,
" When I, with ſlow and ſoft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the antient fame;

" While future ages yet unknown
" With critic air ſhall proudly own
" Thy HOGARTH firſt of every clime,
" For humour keen, or ſtrong ſublime,
" And hail him from his fire and ſpirit,
" The child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

The

The PROGRESS of ENVY. *

Written in the year 1751.

I.

AH me! unhappy ſtate of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY's ſure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth ſhe reſt from rancorous deſpight,
Until ſhe works him mickle woe and ſhame;
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth ſpoil,
Ne doth ſhe check her ever reſtleſs hate,
Until ſhe doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckleſs imp is he, whoſe worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

* It was not originally intended to inſert the above poem, occaſioned by LAUDER's attack on the character of MILTON, in this collection; and it is now done merely to oblige ſeveral ſubſcribers, who have particularly deſired it.

II.

There ſtood an ancient mount, yclept Parnaſs,
(The fair domain of ſacred poeſy)
Which, with freſh odours ever-blooming, was
Beſprinkled with the dew of Caſtaly;
Which now in ſoothing murmurs whiſp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant ſoil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's ſteepy ſides,
Teaching the vales full beauteouſly to ſmile,
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, theſe peaceful ſhades among,
With ſkilful fingers ſweep the trembling ſtrings;
The air in ſilence liſtens to the ſong,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-viſag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the ſummit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the bliſsful ſeat;
Her unavailing ſtrength is ſpent in vain,
CONTENT ſits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS ſelf left his divine abode,
And here enſhrouded in a ſhady bow'r,
Regardleſs of his ſtate, lay'd by the God,
And own'd ſweet muſic's more alluring pow'r.
On either ſide was plac'd a peerleſs wight,
Whoſe merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER hight,
Who pip'd full pleaſing on the banks of Tame;
That no leſs fam'd than He, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In theſe cool bow'rs they live ſupinely calm;
Now harmleſs talk, now emulouſly ſing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her ſacred balm,
Makes happineſs eternal as the ſpring.
Alternately they ſung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jouſts and tournaments, and champions ſtrong;
Now MILTON ſung of diſobedient man,
And Eden loſt: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' ſong.

VI.

VI.

Not far from theſe, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
A lofty ſeat on Mount Parnaſſus held,
Who long had been the Muſes' chief delight;
His reverend locks were ſilver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his viſage, and his habit plain;
And while he ſung, fair nature he diſplay'd,
In verſe albeit uncouth, and ſimple ſtrain;
Ne mote he well be ſeen, ſo thick the ſhade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKESPEARE ſat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which viſionary beings did create,
And turn the fouleſt droſs to pureſt gold:
Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withſtand.

VIII.

Beſide the bard there ſtood a beauteous maid,
Whoſe glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought veſture various tints diſplay'd,
FANCY her name, yſprong of race divine;
Her mantle * wimpled low, her ſilken hair,
Which looſe adown her well-turn'd ſhoulders ſtray'd,
' She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whoſe love-ſick breezes all around her play'd,
And ſeem'd in whiſpers ſoft to court the heav'nly maid.

IX.

And ever and anon ſhe wav'd in air
A ſceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: Eftſoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again ſhe lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftſoons upon the flow'ry plain were ſeen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
In myſtic circles danc'd along th' inchanted green.

X.

* *Wimpled.* A word uſed by Spenſer for *hung down.* The line incloſed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his tranſlation of Taſſo.

X.

On th' other ſide ſtood NATURE, goddeſs fair;
A matron ſeem'd ſhe, and of manners ſtaid;
Beauteous her form, majeſtic was her air,
In looſe attire of pureſt white array'd:
A potent rod ſhe bore, whoſe pow'r was ſuch,
(As from her darling's works may well be ſhown)
That often with its ſoul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or cauſe the deep-felt groan,
And each man's paſſions made ſubſervient to her own.

XI.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth ariſe,
And murky miſts the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the ſkies,
And all around their baleful influence ſhed;
Th' infected ſky, which whilom was ſo fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkneſs is o'erſpread;
The ſun, which whilom ſhone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time ſore-grieving ſeeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And thro' the frighted heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm ſhe did explore,
Ne mote ſhe ought of happineſs obſerve;
For happineſs, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did ſwerve,
And trample on religion baſe deſigns to ſerve.

XIII.

At length, on bleſt Parnaſſus ſeated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her ſcowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full faſt unto her Siſter did ſhe poſt,
There to unload the venom of her breaſt,
To tell how all her happineſs was croſt,
Sith others were of happineſs poſſeſt:
Did never gloomy hell ſend forth like ugly peſt.

XIV.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypreſs ſtar-proof branches ſpread,
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern ſtood;
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monſter joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the riſing to the ſetting ſun,
Her heart purſued ſpite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing ſable ſtole ſhe was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one thro' grief gone mad,
A frothy ſea of nauſeous foam was pour'd;
A ghaſtly grin and eyes aſquint, diſplay
The rancour which her helliſh thoughts contain,
And how, when man is bleſt, ſhe pines away,
Burning to turn his happineſs to pain;
MALICE the monſter's name, a foe to God and man.

XV.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloomineſs.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathſome toads ſtill crawl,
Their gullets ſwell'd with poiſon's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they ſpit at all
Whom hapleſs fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waiſt, in place of ſilken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no diſtinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry ſide fierce brandiſhed,
Fly, reckleſs mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' th' ætherial waſte,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly ſpite,
Unto this cavern ſteer'd her panting haſte,
Enſhrouded in a darkſome veil of night.
Her inmoſt heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell deſtruction ſparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flaſh'd with revengeful fire,
A while contending paſſions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her ſilence broke.

XVIII.

* *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVIII.

Siſter, ariſe! ſee how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire Thou and I can boaſt,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praiſe,
Sith man is bleſt, and Thou and I are loſt:
See in what ſtate Parnaſſus' Hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' ſelf two happy bards atween;
See how the God their ſong attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd ſike heart-tormenting ſcene?

XIX.

Siſter, ariſe! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel theſe mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force ſhall ſtoop;
ENVY and MALICE then ſhall reign alone:
Thou beſt has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with ſpecious bait:
Like TRUTH accoutred, ſpreadeſt forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Ariſe, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
" Tremble, ye bards, within that bliſsful ſeat;
" MALICE and ENVY ſhall o'erthrow your joys,
" Nor PHOEBUS ſelf ſhall our deſigns defeat.
" Shall We, who under friendſhip's feigned veil,
" Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
" Shall we, Who under ſhow of ſacred zeal,
" Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in loweſt hell—
" Such vile diſgrace of us no mortal man ſhall tell.

XXI.

And now, more hideous render'd to the ſight,
By reaſon of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did caſt their rays aſkance,
While helliſh imps prepare the monſter's car,
In which ſhe might cut thro' the wide expanſe,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright ſtar.

XXII.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell ſerpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon ſpit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty ſeat the ſiſter-monſters bore,
In deadly machinations cloſe combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd faſt behind;
God help the man 'gainſt whom ſuch caitiff foes are join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harſhly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed ſpires of ſmoke around them riſe,
The air depreſs'd unuſual burthen feels;
Deteſted ſight! in terrible array,
They ſpur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger ſuffer cold delay,
Until the wiſh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldeſt ſon of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falſities was built:
(Ah! worthleſs ſon, of worthleſs parent born!)
Under the ſhew of ſemblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his helliſh breaſt;
And by theſe guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profeſt: [dreſt.
The wolf more ſafely wounds when in ſheep's cloathing

XXV.

Him then themſelves atween they joyful place,
(Sure ſign of woe when ſuch are pleas'd, alas!)
Then meaſure back the air with ſwifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnaſs.
Hither in evil hour the monſters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had loſt all ſenſe of virtuous ſhame,
Beholding worth with poiſonous deſpight;
On his ſucceſs depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Long burnt He ſore the ſummit to obtain,
And ſpread his venom o'er the bliſsful ſeat;
Long burnt He ſore, but ſtill He burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At lenth, at unawares, he out doth ſpit
That ſpite which elſe had to himſelf been bane;
The venom on the breaſt of MILTON lit,
And ſpread benumbing death thro' every vein;
The Bard of life bereft fell ſenſeleſs on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyeſtes old,
The ſun is ſaid t' have ſhut his radiant eye,
So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,
And darkneſs to be felt o'erwhelm'd the ſky;
Forth iſſued from their diſmal dirk abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whoſe fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miſerable wight:
Did never mind of man behold ſike dreadful ſight?

XXVIII.

Apollo wails his darling, done to die
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;
The Muses ſprinkle him with dew of Caſtaly,
And crown his death with many a living ſtrain;
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breaſt,
Aged, yet ne'er before did ſorrow know;
The flowers drooping their deſpair atteſt,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulouſly flow;
All nature ſudden groan'd with ſympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But, lo! the ſky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkneſs diſappears,
(May darkneſs ever thus to light give place!)
Erſt griev'd Apollo jocund looks reſumes,
The Nine renew their whilom chearful ſong,
No grief Parnassus' aged breaſt conſumes,
Forth from the teeming earth new flowers ſprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

XXX.

The ſtricken Bard freſh vital heat renews,
Whoſe blood, erſt ſtagnate, ruſhes thro' his veins;
Life thro' each pore her ſpirit doth infuſe,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguiſh'd reigns:
And ſee, a Form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A Female Form, yclad in ſnowy white,
Ne half ſo fair at diſtance ſeen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

POEMATA.

POEMATA

PROLOGUS, 1757.

EST Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra juventus,
Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore ſonos.
Quà quiſque aſſumit tragicas novus hiſtrio partes,
Nec loquitur, verbum quin ſapit omne, pathos.
Ingenia hic creſcunt, mox ſucceſſura theatris,
Regis, amatoris, prompta ſubire vices.
Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
Eluſâ telum prendit inane manu.
Multus ibi, infuſcat cui vultus ſuber aduſtum,
Immodicis ſævit raucus Othello minis.
Omnia queis tragicis opus eſt, hic arma parantur;
Auribus inſidiæ ſunt, oculiſque ſuæ:
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, oriſque rotundi,
Certatim et vultus vis, laterumque labor.
Quam ſibi, dum geſtu ſtat fixus quiſque ſilenti,
Quam placet a ſpeculo forma reflexa ſui!

Hac ſtudeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!
Non tamen eſt NOBIS *inde* petendus honor.
Ingenua ut pubes vultum ſibi ſumat apertum,
Et ſenſim aſſueſcat fortius ore loqui;
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
Ingredimur ſcenam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,
Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
Hinc SAPERE ET FARI diſcit generoſa juventus,
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
His ſtabilita vigent Curia, Roſtra, Forum.

PROLOGUS, 1758.

HIC nihil ad populum — non pompa hic vana theatri,
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare ſolet:
Non ſcena hic ſplendet magicâ variabilis arte,
Et ſumit formas prodigioſa novas.
Non hic, librato ſubvectus ſune per auras,
Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias.
Nec freta cæruleâ turgent undoſa papyro,
Nec reſinato fulgurat igne polus.
Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva receſſus,
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
Et proprium, et ſimplex, noſtra theatra decus.
— Heus! nemòn audit? — fac ſurſum aulea trahantur!
— En! qualis qualis ſit, NOVA SCENA patet.
En Illæ, quas Vos ſemper coluiſtis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas ſibi Muſa domum.

Hic ſeſe oſtendunt priſci monumenta laboris,
Queis uſa eſt modulis Vitruviana Manus;
Hic ſtat Ventorum, Theſei hic venerabile Fanum,
Hic arce in ſummâ, Caſta Minerva, tuum.
Omnia jam votis reſpondent. Attica jam ſunt
Omnia. Perſonæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.
Quoque etiam magis hæ noſtræ lætentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque ſuos.

PRO-

PROLOGUS in ADELPHOS, 1759.

CUM Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma ſuum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipſis
Scenis extinctum condecorâſſe ducem.
Ecquis adeſt, ſcenam nocte hâc qui ſpectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum ſentiet eſſe parem?
Utcunque arriſit pulchris victoria cæptis,
Qua Sol extremas viſit uterque plagas,
Succeſſûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitumuſque dolor.
Si famæ generoſa ſitis, ſi bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipſoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel ſi quid amabile, jure
Eſto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.

Nec

Nec moriere omnis. — Quin uſque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

EPI-

EPILOGUS in ADELPHOS, 1759.

SYRUS loquitur.

QUANTA intus turba eſt! quanto molimine ſudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quiſque coquus!
Monſtrum informe maris—TESTUDO—in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et ſimplex, omnia ſola ſapit.
Pullina eſca placet? — vitulina? — ſuilla? — bovina?
Præſto eſt. Hæc quadrupes ſingula piſcis habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui ſecet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
Qui doctè contundat aromata; miſceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, ſal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
Qui jecur et pulmonem in fruſta minutula ſcindat,
Curetque ut penitus ſint ſaturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flaveſcat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viſcera, vernet adeps.
His ritè inſtructis conchæ ſint fercula! nam Tu,
TESTUDO! et patinis ſufficis, atque cibo.

Quam

Quam cuperem in laudes utriuſque excurrere conchæ!
Sed vereor *Calipaſh* dicere — vel *Calipee*.
Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellem et relliquias participare dapum.
At ſunt convivæ tam multi, tamque guloſi,
Reſtabit, metuo, nil niſi concha mihi.

RECTE

Recte ſtatuit BAXTERUS de Somniorum Phænomenis.

CUM nox tellurem fuſcis amplectitur alis,
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
Inchoat aſſuetos ſimulatrix regia ludos.
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit uſque flagellum,
Acceleratque fugam tardis ; retinacula currûs
Erucæ ſunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
Cruſcula areneoli ; currus, quem dente ſciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetuſtas
Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat : ſub nocte ſilenti
Hoc inſtructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perſtringit Amantis ;
Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
Malarum labrique roſas, perfuſaque collo
Lilia : mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acriter aurum
Ter captat ; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque ſopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ ;
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oſcula libans
Abſens abſentem teneris amplectitur ulnis ;

Væ tibi, ſi Lemurum videat Regina colorem
Mentitum fuco, vultuſque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, ſimul amiſſâ dulcedine ſomni,
Oſculaque, et tenues vaneſcit amator in auras.
Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam tranſvolat ora;
Continuo roſtrum conſcendens Hic thema trinas
Dividit in partes, exponendoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemituſque audit, ſtrepituſque, tubaſque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, inſomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiſcit.
Nunc Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defenſoris agit cauſam, actoriſque peritus,
Innectenſque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin caſu viſat facilis regina Poetam,
Hunc ſibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amænos ſomniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et triſtis quam ſit ſibi curta ſupellex,
Quam vellet ſemper dormire! — Volubilis inde
Judicis invehitur trans naſum, et naribus illi

Emuncto

Emuncto ſubolet cauſa. Interdum Dea feſſo
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam caroſque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ ſtrepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos ſurgit chorus, improbus orco
Quas dedit inſontes; furiis agitatur acerbis
Conſcia mens, lectoque quies ſimul exulat. Inde
Si currus flectat, placidiſſima munera ſomni
Quà carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum eſt cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut ſi ſomniat, umbræ
Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O Tu! quicunque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere ſomnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferox inſtet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitiis Poſteribus, Apr. 5, 1753.

Carmina ad Nobiliſſum THOMAM HOLLES DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE inſcripta, cum Academiam Cantabrigienſem Bibliothecæ Reſtituendæ cauſa inviſeret.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1755.

DE REGE.

AUGUSTUS, Artium uſque fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauſpicato numine
Condi imperavit conſecrata literis,
Eo nitore & partium elegantiâ,
Ut invidenda ſint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ ſæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris ſuperbiunt, juſtiſſima
Romæ recentis & vetuſtæ gloria.
Nec his ſupellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula ;
Id Ille abundè caverat, noviſſimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.

Brunſvichianis

Brunſvichianis ſcilicet ſanctiſſimum eſt
Legeſque tutari & fovere Literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
Protegis, Aonii duxque decuſque chori,
Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum eſt.
Munera dant numeroſa manus procerumque patrumque,
Exemplo & monitis exſtimulata tuis.
Perge fovere Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Muſa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quanquam ipſa ruet; monumenta, Camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo ſunt ruitura die.

AN ELEGY,

Written in a Country Church-Yard.

By Mr. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.

Beneath

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

In Cimæterio Rustico compoſitum.

AUdiſtin! quam lenta ſonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Laſſatuſque domum ruſticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & veſtigia ſolus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia palleſcunt jam decedentia viſu,
Et terra & cœlum, qua patet, omne ſilet.
Cuncta ſilent, niſi muſca ſuam ſub veſpere ſero
Rauciſonans pigram qua rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta ſilent, niſi qua faciles campanula ſomnos
Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quàque hedera antiquas ſociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et ſtrepit ad lunam, ſi quis ſub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let

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The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique ſub umbrâ
Qua putris multo ceſpite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit gens priſca colonûm,
Quiſque ſuâ anguſtâ conditus uſque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ ſtridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ ſub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata ſonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini ſub veſpere ſero
Excoquet agreſtes officioſa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oſcula proles,
Nec reducem agnoſcent æmula turba patrem.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke!
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can

Quam ſæpe Hi raſtris glebam fregere feracem!
Sæpe horum cecidit falce reſecta ſeges.
Quam læti egerunt ſtridentia plauſtra per agros,
Et ſtimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum ſylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quaque ruit laté vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio riſu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut luſus, aut rude temnat opus!
Nec fronte excipiat ventoſa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, hiſtoriaſque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,
Supremam ſimul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ inſimulare, Superbi,
Quod domini oſtendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amiſſum longo ordine turba patronum,
Claroſque ingeminant clauſtra profunda ſonos.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

An vanis inſcripta notis anguſtior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a ſede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ poſſe priore frui?
Poſſit adulantum ſermo penetrare ſepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forſan in hoc, olim divino ſemine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis ceſpite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forſan jaceat ſub ceſpite, ſceptra
Cujus tractârint imperioſa manus.
Vel quales ipſo forſan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulſârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priſcæ
Nunquam divitias explicuere ſuas.
Horum autem ingenium torpeſcere fecit egeſtas
Aſpera, & anguſtæ ſors inimica domi.

Multa ſub oceano pellucida gemma lateſcit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans roſa pandit odores,
Ponit et occiduo pendula ſole caput.

Æmulus

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

Yet

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requieſcat agreſtis,
Quem patriæ indignans exſtimulavit amor ;
Auſus hic exiguo eſt villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Aſſerere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forſan, fatoque inglorius, alter
Hac vel Miltono par requieſcat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulaſſe ſuam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere ſenatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Hiſtoriam ex populi colligere ore ſuam,

Illorum vetuit ſors improba, — nec tamen arcto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clauſit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius tranſire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum poſſe patrare ſcelus.
Hos vetuit temere per ſtragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et ſurdâ ſupplicis aure preces.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
Conſcia ſuffuſus quo notat ora pudor.
Luxuriâ hi nunquam ſeſe immerſere ſuperbâ,
Nec Muſæ his laudes proſtituere ſuas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam ſobria vota domum ;
Quiſque ſibi vivens, & ſponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui ſervet tutius oſſa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agreſti eliciunt ſuſpiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocileſque modi.

Atque locum ſupplent elegorum nomen & anni
Quæ formâ inſcribit ruſtica Muſa rudi :
Multa etiam ſacri diffundit commata textûs,
Queis meditans diſcat vulgus agreſte mori.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſee him at the peep of dawn
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

Heu, quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Juſſus, et æternas jam ſubiturus aquas,
Deſcendit nigram ad noctem, cupiduſque ſupremo
Non ſaltem occiduam reſpicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui ſaltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem,
Fletum aliquem expoſcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inſcia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque ſui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine ſortem,
Et defunctorum ruſtica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus ſi quis veſtigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis ſors tua forte roget,

Huic aliquis forſan ſenior reſpondeat ultro,
Cui niveis albent tempora ſparſa comis,
Vidimus hunc quam ſæpe micantes roribus herbas
Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
Ad roſeum ſolis properabat ſæpius ortum,
Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

" There at the foot of younder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the woods was he.

" The next with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow through the church-yard path we ſaw him born,
" Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

Sæpe ſub hac fago, radices undique circum
Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta ſuas,
Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æſtu,
Luſtraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

Sæpius hanc ſylvam propter, virideſque receſſus
Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
Muſarumque frequens ſollicitaret opem,
Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
Aut cujus ſtimulat corda repulſus amor.

Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
Nec juga, nec ſaliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

Tertia ſucceſſit — lentoque exangue cadaver
Ecce ſepulcrali eſt pompa ſecuta gradu.
Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iſte lapis.

EPI-

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

SONG,

EPITAPHIUM.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna ſecunda,
Congeſto hoc juvenem ceſpite ſervat humus.
Huic tamen arriſit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura ſibi.

Largus opum fuit, & ſincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miſerans inopi, lacrymaſque profudit.
— Scilicet id, miſeris quod daret, omne fuit.
A cœlo interea fidum acquiſivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex ſacrâ ſede referre petas.
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter ſpe condita reſtant,
In gremio Patris ſcilicet atque Dei.

SONG, by a Perſon of Quality *.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the Boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy

* From Pope's Works.

CARMEN ELEGANS.

TUQUE adeo roſeas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego ſervulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix ſcilicet uſque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aſpicite, ut ſenſim languens juvenilior ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam, florea ſaxa perit!

Ante omnes carum ſic flevit Adonida Cypris,
Deceptuſque Deam triſtius uſſit Amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per denſa ſilentia noctis
Incautum ſævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchre Prudentia ludens,
Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas ſopite canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præſes Apollo, chorum!

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton, armate catenis,
O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, qua paſſim chryſtallina flumina currunt,
Elyſiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæſti ſalices, triſteſque cupreſſi,
Aureliæ æternum ſerta dicata meæ ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidiſſime Morpheu,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triſte fluens, ſed lene fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui curſum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine ſæpe etiam quam plurimus erat amator,
Cui tua ſubmittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando ſenſim languens Philomela, ſilentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec ſine voce, procum ;
Aſpice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
Deſcendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, thinking themſelves bound to join the reſt of the nation, in public congratulations of their Majeſties, on their auſpicious nuptials; the following little piece was written merely with a view of manifeſting ſuch their loyalty and gratitude, to the beſt of monarchs, and moſt candid encourager of theatrical exhibitions. The reader, as well as the ſpectator, will eaſily diſcover that, the author has paid but little attention to the nature of dramatic compoſition, in the conduct of this piece; and indeed, in the repreſentation, the labours of the poet and the compoſer appeared very inferior to the elegant taſte of the managers in the decoration.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAMÆTAS,	SYLVIA,
DAMON,	PHOEBE,
PRIEST,	DELIA.

ARCADIA.

ARCADIA.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. A view of the country.

SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

SHepherds, buxom, blith and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haſte, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund ſong.

To

To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic meaſures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the moſt of proffer'd joy.
Pleaſure hates the ſcanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blith and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of Shepherds, &c.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy ſwains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
Be ſorrow baniſh'd far away;
Thyrſis ſhall make it holy-day.

Who

Who at his name can joy ſuppreſs?
ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bleſs.

DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the ſound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blithſome Phœbe near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager pace,
To ſpeak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II.

Opens to a proſpect of rocks.

Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. coming down from them.

PHOEBE.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;

Your chearful troop, blith youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic ſwain,
O'er mountain ſteep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the ſluggard morn.

A I R.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk is the bleſſing of health.
So ſhall innocence' ſelf give a warrant to joys
No envy diſturbs, no dependence deſtroys.

Then

Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of ſilver'd age,
And long experience hail thee ſage;

Ill ſuits it in this joy, to wear
A brow ſo over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raiſe,
And join a whole Arcadia's praiſe.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thirſis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:
But praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking bleſſings all muſt feel.

DAMON.

True, all muſt feel — but thankleſs too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart ſhall ever ſhew
The debt I need not bluſh to owe.

AIR.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my labour's the price of contentment and eaſe,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true family joys,
That my kids wanton ſafely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my ſheep graze ſecure from the robber or fox;
Theſe are bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the ſwains,
For it's Thyrſis who gave them, and Thyrſis maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliſs alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;

Nor

Nor e'er his buſy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their ſire hath ſhewn.

A I R.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docil youth
To walk the ſteady paths of truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active ſons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this buſy ſtage,
What in the ſons we moſt admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd ſire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtleſs youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia ſhares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy ſylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and ruſtic faun,
To the pipe and merry ſtrain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded graſs
Hurt their footſteps as they paſs,

Whilſt

Whilſt in gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid ſtream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and bleſſing,
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

[A dance of huntſmen and huntreſſes.

DAMÆTAS.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurprize
Of rapture flaſhing from her eyes.

Enter DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a ſin to-day.
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the ſkill of the voice;
For our wiſhes are crown'd, and our hearts ſhall rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad

Who, where mirth and good humour, and harmony's
found,
Never catches the ſmile, nor lets pleaſure go round.
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the ſlave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our boſoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant ſide,
Where Ladon rolls its ſilver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous ſtate,
Sail'd a proud barge of richeſt freight:

Where

Where ſat a nymph, more freſh and fair
Than bloſſoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modeſt grace
Of maiden bluſh beſpread her face.
Hither it made, and on this ſtrand
Pour'd its rich freight for ſhepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrſis' bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, ſhepherds, if aright I hear,
The ſounds of joy proclaim them near;
Lets meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

A view of the ſea, with a veſſel at a diſtance.

Here follows a PASTORAL PROCESSION to the wedding of THYRSIS.

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this ſwain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Juſt return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliſs
Climb their knees to ſhare the kiſs.
May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,

Virtues

Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM